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Australian Home Budget

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**MELBOURNE
CUP
Issue**



"Housewives all around Australia are loud in their praise of VELVET!"



says Aunt Jenny

"These letters are some of the many written to me, proving that Velvet is an Australia-wide favourite. Read these real-life stories and see how Velvet has been a true friend in each household."



NEW SOUTH WALES



12 Bunnies Highway
Aracelyffe, N.S.W.

Dear Aunt Jenny,
Here is a photograph of myself, my daughter and my granddaughters wrapped holding my crocheted bedspread.
This bedspread has a history that goes back to when we moved to the city and I was a small girl. I can remember my own mother trying out every soap and finally settling on Velvet.
Mother gave the bedspread to me, and now, although almost 50 years of age, it looks as good as new—good enough to pass on to my granddaughter, Christine.
But I've no worries about it being well looked after, because all our family are Velvet Soap users.
Yours sincerely
Mrs. M. Ghent



QUEENSLAND

"Living in a red soil district like ours . . . and washing for 3 adults and 4 children, I can assure you I fully value Velvet's soapy suds! Apart from being such a help in the house, I find it so gentle on my hands."

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Kabra via
ROCKHAMPTON, Q.



VICTORIA

"In our family Velvet is an 'all-rounder'. For washing clothes or washing-up, I've found it invaluable. And I've proved that a Velvet wash is quicker, more labour-saving AND clothes last longer."

Mrs. W. Preusker
Livingston Street,
JEPARIT, VICTORIA



TASMANIA

"My little girl

was born during the war, and even though her nappies were wartime quality, I was still able to use them for my son 2 years later. I know I have Velvet Soap to thank for making them last longer and wear better."

Mrs. Charlton
St. Marys,
TASMANIA



SOUTH AUSTRALIA

"I'm very proud of my little family

— Judith is the baby—and I have 4 older children. Their things get in a dreadful state sometimes, but I rub them with Velvet and have no trouble getting the dirt out."

Mrs. E. A. Buick
Magill via
Kingscote
KANGAROO
ISLAND, S.A.



WESTERN AUSTRALIA

"My woollen frock is 8 years old

— and still a wonderful colour. I've always washed it in Velvet and give all the credit to Velvet suds for keeping it new-looking."

Mrs. E. Sanley
23 Railway Road,
SUBIACO, W.A.



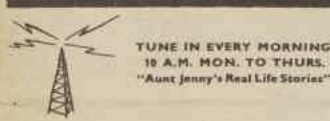
Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands - so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer.



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS
— seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP
— seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new, wash after wash, because no hard rubbing is needed—yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!



TUNE IN EVERY MORNING
10 A.M. MON. TO THURS.
"Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"

V.183.WWFPz

By
WILLARD
TEMPLE

The Man of the House

NANCY watched Walter pacing up and down the room, an act complicated by the clothes line. She said wearily, "Please sit down and we'll discuss it sensibly."

"Fine," Walter said. "That's just what I've been hoping for."

"I'm trapped," Nancy said. "I know you. You'll buy the first thing you see, exactly the way you buy a suit. You have no sales resistance."

"I look all right," Walter said. "People don't stare at me. What's wrong with my clothes?"

"Nothing," Nancy admitted. "But you've been incredibly lucky. Besides, a house is different. What do you know about houses?"

"Good grief," said Walter, "I worked for a builder one summer when I was a kid. I know all about them. I'll bet you don't know what a Lally column is. Or a joist."

"I don't know and I don't care," Nancy said. "And that's exactly my point. That's all you'll look at, the Lally column, or the joist."

Walter, who had taken to pacing once more, said, "I thought we were going to discuss this sensibly."

Looking extraordinarily like a forlorn kitten, Nancy eyed him gloomily. Studying her, Walter thought again it was amazing that Nancy could be the mother of three children. She hadn't changed a jot from the days when he had stood in her parents' living-room and

watched her come down the stairs, smiling shyly at him.

Physically she hadn't changed, that is. Mentally there was a difference. That shyness had mysteriously vanished sometime during their eight years of married life. He reflected how masterful a husband he had been; clear as a chime he could hear Nancy saying, "Yes, dear," to his every suggestion. It had been quite a while since he had heard that phrase.

"Oh, I know you'll do your best," Nancy said now.

"Yes, dear," said Walter and suddenly flinched.

"Don't jump," Nancy said. "I think it's wonderful about your promotion. I haven't said a single word about tearing up my roots and moving five hundred miles away. But you know I've always yearned for a house and now I have to stay here with the children while you buy it. I can't even see it until it's bought and paid for."

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"Don't worry!" Walter said. "After being cooped up here for years, I won't be likely to buy a small house."

ILLUSTRATED
BY
LEONARD GREEN



Moonrakers

by Vera Wynn Griffiths

DENNY GARLAND was one of those fortunate people who can do everything.

At school she was always at the top of her class list; she became head girl, captain of hockey, and she played tennis in the county trials.

She was a capable pianist and had no inhibitions about playing when asked to do so. She also cooked excellently.

"There's nothing to it," she declared. "Not if you follow the recipe and weigh your ingredients and keep your mind on the job."

A remark which made those who nonchalantly flung in a handful of this and a pinch of that and hoped for the best look down their noses a bit.

In addition to everything else, Denny was beautiful—gipsy-dark, with an apricot glow in her cheeks—she was gay and brilliant and deliciously witty.

"Denny is a wonderful girl," people said, and Denny was rather inclined to agree with them.

No use pretending that you were not beautiful and rather better at doing most things than the majority of people. Far better, she thought, to accept with gratitude the gifts with which Fortune had endowed her, and get the very best out of life.

While still at school she had decided to be a doctor, and at twenty-two she had taken her finals and qualified, and the world, it seemed, lay at her feet.

"Now I suppose you'll go and get married," said her father, a doctor also. "That's what most girls seem to do. Poor parents like myself spend a fortune on their education and then they up and marry the first good-looking boy who comes along."

"You know very well that I was never one for good-looking boys," said Denny with some truth.

Most of the boys, and later the young men, in the town had been in love with her. Denny was the sort of creature who appeared only once in a lifetime; beside her, the attractions of other girls paled.

"You keep out of the way, Denny," her friends used to say. "Nobody stands a chance with you around."

And Denny amiably kept out of the way, wondering what all the fuss was about, for she had never been particularly interested in this love-affair business.

There had been flirtations galore, she had allowed herself to be taken hither and thither, enjoying herself enormously always, but never once had she imagined herself to be in love with any of the young men who declared that they loved her.

Denny had her own ideas about her future. She was deeply interested in medicine, both for itself and as a career; she did not see herself tied down in some small house, being cook and charwoman and nurse—for that was what marriage seemed to amount to, in these days of no help.

She wanted to be house doctor at one of the big hospitals—after that . . . well, there were all sorts of brilliant and satisfying openings.

In a few years, of course, she might marry, but he would have to be something very special; not too young—she found very young men tedious, so deeply engrossed in themselves—not too young, good-looking, wealthy, of course . . .

Her father gave a crooked little smile when she explained all this to him.

"That's the sort of husband most girls dream about," he said, for he had an idea that Denny cherished too gaudy an opinion of herself, and he thought it well that she should realise that she was, after all, only as other girls were.

But she saw through his intention instantly and gave him a cheerful grin. "The only difference is that I mean it," she said.

In the meantime, after the results came out

and she knew that she had qualified, Denny found herself suffering from reaction. For so long she had concentrated on this achievement.

"After I've qualified," she used to say, as though that were the end of everything. Five years ago, when she started on her career, it had seemed a long way ahead.

And now the five years were over and she was a qualified doctor and everything was suddenly flat and pointless; for the moment she did not know what to do with herself next.

"What you need is a holiday," said her father. "Take yourself off somewhere—go away and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

"Forget all about being a doctor—goodness knows you'll have plenty of time for remembering that."

So she wrote to Anna Lyon, who had been her great friend at school. Anna lived in Somerset, at a farm called Moonrakers, keeping house for her brother Tom.

A dull sort of life Denny thought it—how could anybody exist, stuck away in the middle of the country, doing nothing worthwhile? For keeping house seemed to Denny to be the least worthwhile job in the world.

But just for a week or two, while she got over this feeling of lassitude, it would be pleasant to stay with Anna, who had often written asking her to come.

Anna met her at the station. She was prettier than she used to be, Denny thought. The mousey hair of her school days had become an attractive ash-blond and her eyes were a curious and beautiful greenish-hazel.

Funny I never noticed before what lovely eyes she has, Denny reflected.

ANNA wore a soft green tweed suit, flat-heeled green suede shoes, a charming and obviously expensive hat. Denny was a little taken aback. But what did I expect—breeches and Wellington boots or something?

Only somehow the word "farm" conjured up a host of ideas which did not include tailored suits and a fashionable hat . . .

Anna said, "I hope you don't mind this little car, I had to leave the big one for Tom," and again Denny's preconceived ideas received a jolt.

"Congratulations about passing your examination," Anna said. "Funny to think you're a doctor, Denny."

But she did not sound at all impressed. She doesn't understand, Denny thought. People never do.

"Gosh, I've forgotten what it's like to do that sort of work," Anna added. "It must have been a sweat."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad," Denny said, but she was conscious of a little spasm of irritation.

Anna should have known it was an achievement, a brilliant achievement, to be qualified at twenty-two, and it hadn't been a "sweat" at all—it was just something which Denny Garland took in her stride.

While she was pondering how she could explain this without appearing conceited, Anna said, "Here we are, here's Moonrakers," and they bumped up a narrow lane and swept around between a group of farm buildings, and there was the house.

It stood on the slope of a little hill which ran down into a valley; beyond lay the flat countryside, meadows with rows of willows marking the course of the rhines which drained them, a distant spire, cattle grazing, and over all hazy, pale gold sunshine.

"What a heavenly place," said Denny spontaneously.

"It is nice, isn't it," Anna said. "Tom and I love it—we've lived here always. There have been Lyons here for hundreds of years."

The house itself was painted white, a budding magnolia grew against one wall, in the middle of the white door there was a large brass lion's head knocker; in the garden were

roses, and in one corner a daphne bush was in full lavender-pink bloom.

It was all very trim, austere almost, with the square, white facade of the house and the neat grass and the formal flowerbeds.

"But it doesn't look like a farm," Denny said. "I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean," said Anna with a mischievous grin. "You say 'farm' to most people and they expect a sea of mud and the muck-heap outside the door and hens walking in and out!"

"Let yourself in, will you? I'll just run the car into the garage and give Tom a shout—he'll be around somewhere and it's tea-time."

Afterwards Denny wondered what she had thought when she first saw Tom. You could remember how people looked, what they had said, what you had said, but it was difficult to remember what you had thought.

She stood in the hall, looking at a great black oak settle, at a copper jug filled with flowering currant, at the old maps on the wall with dolphins in the corners.

But it isn't a bit what I expected, she thought dazedly, then Anna was back, taking her upstairs.

"I'll just show you your room and then I'll fly down and make the tea. Mrs. Bishop, who helps me, doesn't stay in the afternoon. There you are," she flung open a door, "bathroom round the corner—can you manage?"

It was a beautiful room, white-painted, antique and modern skilfully blended in the furniture. There was a low divan bed, but the tallboy was a period piece, and there was a sampler on the wall which read:

"Praises on tombs are trifles idly spent, but woman's good name is her best recommendation."

"Hannah Lyon (aged eleven)."

For the moment Denny could not sort out her impressions. She changed into a dress of raspberry-pink jersey, remembering with a rather rueful smile that that, too, had seemed a bit sophisticated for the country.

Thinking of Anna's immaculate hair and perfect grooming, she made up with more care than usual.

"Tea!" Anna called from downstairs. She took Denny into a small, square room with a glowing red-tiled floor, wheel-backed chairs at a round table, a log fire snapping in the hearth.

"Do you mind if we eat in here to-day?" she said. "It's so much easier than using the dining-room."

Then she said, "Oh, here he is," and Tom Lyon came in.

He was not very tall and he was slight like Anna, blond like Anna, too, and with the same beautiful greenish-hazel eyes. He wore whipcord breeches and a tweed riding-jacket which retained its elegance of cut in its shabby old age.

Denny remembered noticing all that, but she could not remember what she had thought.

Anna said, "This is my brother Tom. Tom, this is Denny Garland, or I should really say Dr. Garland now, shouldn't I?"

Denny said, with false modesty, "Oh, that," hoping that Tom would show the admiration which she had missed in Anna.

But Tom did not more than fling her a glance from those amazing eyes, mutter something, and silently get on with his tea.

Oaf! Denny thought contemptuously. The country bumpkin, in spite of his beautiful house and his well-cut jacket.

"Don't take any notice of Tom, he's shy," Anna said cheerfully. "When you get to know each other better . . ."

"And that will be never," Denny said to herself, irritated by the profound disregard of herself with which Tom concentrated on his food.

Neither Tom nor Anna seemed to realise that here was the brilliant, the wonderful Denny Garland—Dr. Denny Garland. Then she grinned at herself. But why should they, after all?

For them, there was no world outside Moonrakers—though you wouldn't have thought so, looking at Anna, she admitted reluctantly.

In the evening, a blond and beautiful giant of a young man appeared.

"This is Carey," Anna said. "We're going to be married in the autumn." Carey was a farmer, too, he lived at Rivel, which adjoined Moonrakers.

"And what will happen to Tom when you are married?" Denny inquired, not really interested, because she did not find Tom an interesting person.

Anna frowned. "That's the worst of it. It will be bad enough to leave here—I can't imagine myself living anywhere else—but leaving Tom, I feel as though I am deserting him."

Then the frown disappeared and she smiled at Denny. "You wouldn't like to take on my job? Marry Tom, I mean?"

Denny stared at her, remembering just in time that it would be unkind to look as horrified as she felt.

"I don't think I should make a good farmer's wife," she said. "Besides, I hardly know Tom."

"You'll get to know him," Anna said, shy, that's his trouble. But Tom? You'll think so, too, when you better."

Denny did not think that she would ever find Tom a darling, and yet as the days went by and she did, of necessity, get to know him better, she began to admit to a reluctant liking.

There was something oddly attractive about that shyness. In his approaches he was like a little boy trying to make friends.

And beneath it all, he was intelligent—the



**Success after success came to Denny in her career. No time,
she thought, to waste on mere frivolous dreams**

was a little ashamed of herself for being surprised at this discovery.

"You haven't a monopoly of intelligence, my girl," she told herself severely.

Tom showed her round the farm, the great barns, the milking parlor, all white tiles and stainless steel, dazzlingly clean, the cows groomed and satin-sleek.

"I always thought cows were muddy creatures," Denny said. "And I thought you milked them in a dark and smelly sort of den."

Then she laughed. "Well, not really, perhaps. I'm showing off a bit. But I didn't expect everything to be quite so clean; it's like a hospital."

He showed her the spaniel puppies, a month old, just beginning to totter around uncertainly, adorable flop-eared babies.

"Oh, the darlings!" Denny cried. "Look at that one, look, he's trying to get out of the box."

"Like to have one?" Tom asked.

"Oh, I should love it," she cried—then she remembered. That house job, which suddenly, in the hay-sweet warmth of the barn, seemed quite unreal and far away. What could one do with a spaniel puppy in a hospital?

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ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD



For summer — your color note sings high — softly accompanied by sheerest nylon...

Here's a key to color to help you step into sparkling spotlight on a sunny-day. When you choose the right colors for your summer wardrobe your nylons look their cool, cool best. Kayser hosiery colors have been carefully toned for perfect accompaniment to summer fashion hues, to merge with them and give COMPLETE harmony.



SERENADE —

Bright, suntanned nylon so flatteringly smart and style-right for colorful adaptation to very new Safrons, Thorn Apple Greens, Lido to Junior Navies and quite perfect with white.



SALON —

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SONATA —

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English Nylons — sheer and wonderful in these new fashion colors. Such colorful, constant wear.

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Make your color chart for summer, blend it with the right Kayser Nylon color and you've discovered a new, wonderful world of fashion harmony.

Kayser always strikes the right note
Be wiser — buy **KAYSER**



"I'm going away. I hate the circus and you especially," Lilla said wildly.

Merry Go Round

By MARY JAMES

SOME time ago, Madame Rosena, who tells fortunes with the cards, told me that a girl never entirely forgets her first love, but I think she's wrong. You remember the name, the face, certain incidents, but the fascination, the ecstasy, the beginnings of that intoxicating infatuation are lost in a sort of blurred, uncaring remembrance.

That's how it is with me, how I feel whenever I think about Johnny Lawrence.

That summer two years ago I used to slip away to the top of the hill where Johnny was waiting to meet me. Sometimes I'd go three nights in succession without seeing him, but I never missed going because not for anything in the world could I have borne to have passed by a chance of being with him for even a little time.

On top of the hill we looked down on the huddled, brightly lit bustle and clamor of the fairground. On still evenings the sounds reached up to us; the blare of the roundabouts, the hoarse shouts of the buskers, and beneath all the din—the very backbone of the fair as it were—the muffled, familiar music of the circus band coming from the big tent. I knew each piece of music so intimately that when the cornet solo began I would tell Johnny, "That's Jacques coming in with White Queen."

I had a special interest in Jacques. He was training me as a bare-back rider, and when I was good enough my name would go under his on the bill-posters: Jacques Bonnet and White Queen the Wonder Horse (assisted by Lilla). That would certainly be a day for me! I should feel an important

part of the circus, and have the great pleasure of telling the hateful little juggler that I no longer required the job of handing him his hoops and boxes and other paraphernalia.

For a long time I had dreamed of the time when I would be in partnership with Jacques. He fired me with his own enthusiasm and ambition, and I dreamed and dreamed of the way we would both rise to the top of the bill and sign contracts to visit all the largest cities in the world.

I babbled all this out to Johnny the first time he came to the fairground interviewing some of us for the column in his newspaper. I invited him into my caravan and was pleased when he admired the compact neatness of my home. "It's like a little flat!" he declared, and then his eyes stopped wandering round and rested on me, and the liveliness on his face deepened into something more sober, almost wondering, as if he had had a sudden thought that puzzled him.

Afterwards he told me, "I couldn't fit you in, somehow. There was a freshness, a—an eagerness I didn't find in the others. You were neater, cleaner, different." I told him that until I was fourteen I had been away at school, and it was only when my mother died that I had persuaded my father—who owned the circus, incidentally—to let me join him on the road. He had given me my own caravan and, in spite of earlier objections, was obviously pleased to see how easily I settled down into circus life.

"Jacques is the same as me," I said, talking to this good-

looking newspaper fellow, who already was beginning to mean more than a little in my life. "Jacques isn't his real name. He comes from Devon. His people are farmers. Jacques joined the circus when he was fifteen. There isn't much he can't do with horses, especially White Queen. There's something different about Jacques, too," I concluded reflectively.

It was the way Jacques spoke and wore his clothes—with-out that flamboyance that the juggler had, for instance—and appreciated the daintiness of my caravan. He read a lot as well, and some afternoons during the summer, when we weren't busy rehearsing, he'd ask me to walk into the woods with him and help him pronounce the words in a French text-book he had bought.

"Jacques says we'll need to know a smattering of most languages so that we won't get cheated when we perform abroad," I chattered gaily.

Johnny was sprawled beside me on the grass. He suddenly sat upright and, taking me by the shoulders, pulled me round so that I faced him. "Never mind about Jacques," he said brusquely. "I want to hear more and more about you, Lilla! That's a lovely name..." And then he kissed me. I'd been wanting him to for the past half-hour, but I hadn't imagined it would be anything as wonderful as that!

When I left him that evening I was dizzy with love for him. I ran swiftly down the grassy slope to where the circus still blared and shone in a dazzle of garish lights.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

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THE SECRET of successful baking results for Scones, Cakes and Pastries is AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

LEGAL BRIDE

By ROBERT CARSON

**First instalment of a sparkling six-part serial.
Comedy-romance of a man-shy girl attorney and
a cowboy film star who wasn't shy of anything.**

ON a side street in the city of Beverly Hills, California, was a small lemon-colored structure called the Fogarty Building. It housed stores on the main floor, and above was room for three offices—two fairly large and one not much exceeding the dimensions of a broom closet.

The broom closet was occupied by a little, brown-haired attorney-at-law by the name of Abigail Jane Furnival. Her neighbors were a Mr. Graves, who specialised in business and management for various celebrities, and a prosperous insurance man.

One day Abigail was sitting looking at her notary public stamp and wondering if anything would ever turn up, when a knock came on the door. Mr. Graves' skinny secretary disclosed herself.

"Miss Furnival," she said, "I wonder if you could come over to our office? Mr. Graves would like to see you."

"With the greatest of pleasure."

Assuming her notarial services were required, Abigail gathered up such materials as were necessary for legalising a document, and followed the other girl.

Mr. Graves, a harassed-looking little man, awaited her in his office. He had an open file in his hand and was scowling at what appeared to be a balance-sheet. "Please sit down, Miss Furnival," he said, and had another dubious look at the contents of the folder.

"I assumed you wanted my stamp . . ."

"Not this time. I think I am going to avail myself of your legal services."

"How delightful!" Abigail said. "What seems to be the main difficulty?"

"Well," Mr. Graves said, "this is a hard thing to explain. I think I'll let my client do it. His name is Ben Castle. Do you know him?"

"The name is familiar."

"He's an actor—a Western actor."

"Oh, yes, I saw him in a picture not long ago."

Mr. Graves shrugged sadly. "He makes good money. Spends good money, too. In fact, Ben is almost broke."

"I hope he is not being sued," Abigail said. "Much worse than that," Mr. Graves replied, "but, as I said, I'll let him explain the details. My job is to get him a cheap lawyer."

"I don't want to seem too eager—"

Mr. Graves shrugged again, in a not unkindly fashion. "You do, Miss Furnival," he said. "But the fact is that Ben can't pay much in the way of legal fees. Would you be interested?"

"I guess so," Abigail said.

"Okay," Mr. Graves said. "That's what I thought. I'll have him phone you for an interview."

Abigail thanked Mr. Graves and returned to her broom closet. Her situation being fairly tense financially, she hoped the telephone would ring soon. It did.

A man with a soft, lazy voice said, "Could I speak to Miss Furnival, please?"

"This is Miss Furnival," Abigail said.

"This is Ben, honey," the man said. "You have a nice voice."

He paused, seemed to consider, and then resumed. "How thoughtful it was of Graves to pick a girl attorney. I practically never heard of such a thing. How old are you, darling?"

"I am twenty-four," Abigail said.

"Will wonders never cease! Are you pretty, dear?"

"Nothing special."

"You're not awfully plain though, are you?"

"Not terribly plain."

"Well, that's good news," Ben Castle said.

"And I'll bet you're charming."

"Why don't you ask me if I'm a good attorney? Isn't that more to the point?"

"Not necessarily. Can you come over in about an hour, A.J.? I live on Altamont Road in Bel Air; the number is 602."

Abigail wrote that down, and said she'd come as requested. "Bring your lawbooks," Ben Castle said. "Especially if they have any pictures in them. I'm in a terrible legal position, angel."

Abigail stared at the address she had written, her brows knitting. Mr. Castle obviously was not the customary victim of unusual professional or business circumstances; although her experience in such matters was as yet small, she thought his manner extremely cavalier for a man presumably on the brink of suing or being sued.

Of course, women lawyers had a hard row to hoe always; people liked to make jokes about them. But this man was overdoing things. Nevertheless, she meant to give him her best services; there was nobody else at the moment who seemed to require them.

Since the Bel Air residential district was not far away, Abigail took an opportunity first to visit the legal firm of Simpson and Calhoun, after arming herself with a brief case and a supply of freshly sharpened pencils. She waited in the sober, panelled grandeur of Simpson and Calhoun for ten minutes. Then Harrison F. Calhoun received her.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said, and tried to be absolutely delightful. "How are you to-day, sir?"

"I'm fine."

"I was wondering—"

"No," Calhoun said. "I'm sorry. I wish I could do something for you, Abigail, on account of your father. Vincent Furnival was the greatest criminal lawyer of his time, and I'm proud that he was my friend. But it's impossible."

"I happen to know you took someone in last week."

"A man."

"A man," Abigail said. "You say that word as though you were pronouncing some kind of a holy rite. Why can't I have an equal opportunity?"

"Because you wear skirts. You might as well face it, Abigail—law is largely reserved for males."

Abigail sighed, picked up her brief case, and rose from a genuine leather chair. "I give up," she said. "I mean I give up with you—not the practice of law. But one of these days, somehow or other, I'll show you a thing or two. You mark my words, Mr. Calhoun!"



Kallen looked up. "Hello, cowboy." Ben grinned back at him. "I've brought my lawyer to see you, Harry. Miss Abigail Jane Furnival."

Calhoun shrugged and looked at his watch. "You mark my words," Abigail said, rather carried away by her oratory. "I'll get hold of a good client and a good case and proceed to prove that a woman can win judges and influence juries with the best of them. Some day you're going to be sorry you didn't hire me."

"Could be," Calhoun agreed. "Could easily be. You certainly have the background, and perhaps you have the inheritance. Only first, I think you'll have to grow whiskers and practise speaking in a deeper voice."

"Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said, "I bid you farewell."

A trifle heated and upset, she went out to her car and drove among the cloistered trees of Bel Air. Altamont Road circled the flanks of a pleasant sunny hill; and 602 lay upon a projecting knoll. It was a pink house, tile-roofed, and surrounded by a high stucco wall. She stopped in front on the circular driveway.

A Filipino servant in a white jacket answered her ring and ushered her to a small library off the main hall. "Mr. Castle will



be here five minute," the servant said. "Sit down."

Abigail relaxed gratefully in a deep chair, and parked her brief case.

Presently a tall, lean man entered, walking with slouchy laziness. He waved a negligent hand to indicate that she should remain seated, and folded up in a chair opposite her. She found, at first glance, that she liked him as well in person as she had upon the screen.

His brown eyes were wide and rather innocent, his broad face young and relaxed, his lips and the base of his nose wrinkled from much laughter. He wore sports clothes with sundry cowboy touches: polished boots and a colored shirt—all rather dressier than would be quite suitable for work on the range.

"Bless my soul," he said. "A lady mouth-piece. You are young, aren't you?"

"And pretty plain, I'm afraid." Before he could make any gallant denial of this piece of modesty, Abigail said quickly, "Shall we discuss your difficulties, Mr. Castle?"

"Why, I reckon we might as well," Ben replied in his soft drawl. "Did Graves mention a fee to you, honey?"

"After a fashion, yes."

"I want you to have the largest one possible, win, lose, or draw. I like you."

"Thank you," Abigail said, "but Graves also discussed your financial condition with me.

It seems you are virtually bankrupt, Mr. Castle. Are you the last one to know?"

"In a way," Ben said, and grinned from ear to ear.

His grin was a devastating muscular articulation that creased his face horizontally and virtually closed his eyes. It should have been startling, but it wasn't. Abigail felt an instantaneous warmth, and found herself grinning in return.

"We'll raise a little sum for you, honey," Ben said. "Don't you worry."

"I won't," she promised. "Tell me your troubles."

"Well," he said, "it's sort of a long story. You'd better sit back and take it easy. Would you care to have a highball in your hand while you listen?"

"I don't drink."

"Very odd custom. I suppose, though, that you attorneys have to have your heads clear for every possible contingency. Cigarette?"

"Yes, please."

He lighted cigarettes for them, bending close to her. She gazed deep into the eyes which had cowed many an outlaw rustler, and even subdued a few wild horses. They gave her an odd sensation, and she couldn't stop looking.

"My, you look kind," Ben said. "I feel as if I could tell you everything."

"You can. Just go ahead."

Ben took a preliminary walk around, then sat down again. "It all began before the war," he said. "The second World War, that is. There I was with my job, making a little money, and saving a little, and rolling my own."

"And roping and tying, I presume."

Ben seemed astonished. "Oh, no. I was in a musical on Broadway, singing my head off. I'd never even seen a rodeo until the man from Hollywood had me sign the contract and said they were going to put me on a bronco. Don't you read the fan magazines? My career is in them about once a month."

"I must buy one some day, Mr. Castle."

"Where was I?" Ben said. "Oh, so I came to California and cleaned up on a whole bunch of outlaws. The money got better and better, and I saved a lot. Then they had the second World War. You remember it?"

"Yes, indeed."

"A. J. Furnival," Ben said. "I was drafted. The next thing I knew, I was landing on an island in the South Pacific. There was a good deal of commotion. All at once a man popped up from the bushes and shot me."

"My gosh!" Abigail said.

"Yes, sir. In the studio they shoot you with blanks, but this chap used real bullets. Shot me right through the chest."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It did something to me," Ben said. "I never was the same again. They thought I was going to die of course, and so did I. All I could do was lie there and think what a chump I'd been not to enjoy life when I could have. I regretted the money I hadn't spent, the women I had missed, and the liquor and cigarettes I hadn't drunk and smoked."

"I can understand that."

"I got out of the hospital alive, as you've probably guessed. Since then I've devoted myself to a life of pleasure."

"Wine, I suppose? Song?"

"And spending money."

"And women?" Abigail asked.

"And women," Ben responded cheerfully.

"But don't look at me so queerly, A. J.—my trouble at the moment doesn't concern a woman. Among my many pleasures is the one of going to Las Vegas and doing a bit of gambling. Well, not too long ago I flew to Nevada, took a pair of the galloping bones in my hand, and dropped sixty thousand bucks."

"Holy smoke!" Abigail ejaculated.

"You may well say 'holy smoke,'" Ben said. "When I finished playing, I checked my assets over and discovered that I had approximately three thousand dollars. This house is being bought on time and isn't worth much."

"You sound crazy."

"I am crazy, A. J. You'll just have to accustom yourself to that." He smiled the blinding smile and stubbed out his cigarette.

"To continue—I was surprised by the results of my accounting. So was the guy who ran the gambling joint I was in, a man named Harry Kallen. In addition, he was very excited. He couldn't seem to believe that I was really broke; and he said a lot of bad words and shook his fist in my face. And several other men came in the room and shook their fists in my face and said bad words. We eventually reached an agreement whereby I was to pay Kallen on the instalment plan."

"Did you sign anything?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll get it for you."

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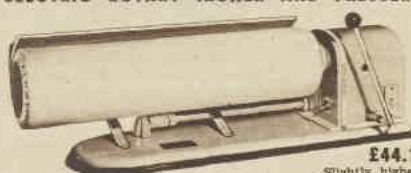
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Man Of The House

Continued from page 3

WALTER corrected her, "You mean partly paid for," he said.

"Lally columns—" Nancy said unhappily. "You'll probably buy some monstrosity with gingerbread and gables and turrets just because the cellar walls are four feet thick. I'm going to tell you something, Walter Bryson. I will not live in a museum piece. I don't care whether it's old or new, but it has to have charm."

"That's simple enough," Walter said.

"Well, there's only one thing," Nancy said scornfully. "It must have four bedrooms."

"Don't worry," Walter said. "After being cooped up in apartments for eight years I won't buy any tiny house. I want plenty of space."

"You must send me a picture," Nancy said. "I insist on a picture before you buy."

At twenty to eight the next morning a taxi honked in front of the apartment and the three children began to wail, begging to be taken along.

"Good-bye Walter," Nancy shouted above the uproar, throwing her arms around his neck. "I love you. I put a list of things about the house in your briefcase. Good-bye, darling."

Walter got into the taxi, was aboard the plane twenty minutes later, and that afternoon had been shown through the plant. With his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up he was examining the laboratory where the staff of research chemists were busy when his new chief, Dr. Devlin, came in, a girl at his heels. She was slim and blonde and looked briskly efficient.

"This is Miss Fairhill," Dr. Devlin said. "Your secretary. I chose her for two reasons. First, I'm sure you'll find her very competent. Second, as a stranger in town you may need help on your house-hunting deal. Miss Fairhill has lived here all her life."

Walter returned to his hotel after meeting his new colleagues and had dinner and went to his room to unpack. In his brief-case were several typewritten sheets headed "MUSTS FOR HOUSE."

Walter stared perplexedly at the solid type.

Point one: House must be within walking distance of school.

Point two: Dead-end street or one with no through traffic. Yard large enough for children to play in.

"Murder," said Walter. He jumped to the next item and read that the yard should have trees.

The telephone rang suddenly. "Hello," said Walter. "Oh, Nancy, how's everything? I was planning to call but I've been going through your notes first. Just been reading the junk about the kind of yard you want, and the locality."

"Junk?" said Nancy. "Walter Bryson, you listen to me—"

"Sweetheart," he said, "you don't have to worry about a single thing. My boss down here, Dr. Devlin, has been very thoughtful. He gave me a secretary, Miss Fairhill, who has lived in town all her life. You'd like her, she's charming."

"I hate you," Nancy said.

Walter looked incredulously at the receiver. "What?" he bawled.

"Never mind," Nancy said.

"I'm working like a dog," Walter said. His roving eye lighted on one of his suitcases. "Why," he said, "the kids must have got at my things. There are a lot of scraps—"

"They're snips from the furniture coverings."

"What are snips?"

"Don't shout," Nancy said. "You

have to buy a house where the wall-paper matches our furniture. Don't buy anything with green."

"I like green," Walter said.

"We haven't anything that goes with green."

"All right," said Walter.

"Good night, darling," Nancy said.

The next afternoon Walter went to see a real-estate dealer, an amiable Mr. Peabody.

"A four-bedroom, two-bathroom colonial house," Mr. Peabody said, as they started out in his car. "Mr. Bryson, it's a pleasure to do business with a man who knows just what he wants."

"Another thing," Walter said. "It can't be green inside. We haven't anything that goes with green."

He pulled out the snips of furniture coverings and held them up. Mr. Peabody glanced briefly at them, his manner suddenly rather odd, Walter thought. Self-consciously he put the snips back in his pocket.

Mr. Peabody slowed the car down and said, "Now here's a house, Mr. Bryson, I think you might like."

Walter looked at the Dutch colonial house set back from the street, and tried to conceal his pleasure. There were children playing in neighborhood yards, the street was a dead end.

"That spire over there is the school," Mr. Peabody said. "Four blocks and no main arteries to cross."

Points one, two, three, and four were covered, Walter thought. They went inside the house and stood in the living-room. It was painted a pale blue. About twenty by fourteen, Walter guessed, with an ample fireplace and bookcases on the far wall. He consulted Nancy's typewritten pages.

PASSING through the dining-room Mr. Peabody stopped at the next doorway. "This was built for a maid's room," he said. "But the people who lived here had it fixed up as a den."

Walter stood there smirking, a man in love. One wall was solid bookcase, the whole room was paneled. And there was ample room for the sailfish.

Walter had caught the sailfish the summer before his marriage. Nancy knew nothing about it. She saw it for the first time while they were unpacking in their new apartment.

"A sailfish," said Walter proudly. "Caught it myself. Look nice over the fireplace, don't you think?"

"Over the fireplace indeed!" Nancy said. "If you think I'm going to fill up my beautiful living-room with a smelly old dead fish, you can think again."

It was their first tiff—and the sailfish wound up in the basement. Since then they had moved three times, and on each occasion the fish had suffered the same fate.

Walter saw himself now, sitting here of an evening, working on reports, paying bills, looking up now and then at the sailfish from his desk.

"Don't let me influence you," said Mr. Peabody, "but if I were you I wouldn't wait. I happen to know the owners are anxious to sell. If you made an offer and gave me a cheque for ten per cent. of your offer I think you might get it."

"I'll want to take a picture of it," he said, "and air-mail it to my wife. And there's a young lady in town I'd like to have see it. Could we get her now and bring her back?"

Please turn to page 12



Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from
the Wendel Special
W to XXXXXOS
Fashion Salon

CHECKS are leading the fashion field this summer, especially when done in that wonderful fabric seersucker (it requires no ironing). A shirtmaker style with two patch-pockets. In blue, red, gold, rose, mauve, or green colour combinations. W. WX, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS, XXXXOS for only 32/-.

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I HAVE the most comprehensive collection of sun-suits in town and the price tags are unbelievably low! One style in particular has jacket to wear over the bare-top dress, both are trimmed with crisp white pique. Wonderful new designs in cherry, aqua, navy, green, mid-blue, or Autumn colourings. WX, 29/11; SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, 32/11. Mail your order to-day!

I SUGGEST for the most "sensible buy" you couldn't do better than one of my tubular shirt-maker frocks made from British cotton. They're in unusual floral designs in blue, rose, red, green, or Autumn. W. WX, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, and the price is only 17/11.

A JACKETED sun-dress in seersucker is smart enough to wear anywhere all through the summer months. Jacket has rolled collar and single-button front—taken off reveals a bare-top dress with double-fold bodice. They come in gay florals in aqua, mid-blue, rose, green, or Autumn. They're 80 packable for your summer holidays (seersucker needs no ironing). WX, £3/3/11; SOS, OS, £3/5/11; XOS, XXOS, £3/6/11.

THE most indispensable garment in your summer wardrobe is a lightweight coat. I have a particularly attractive one tailored from all pure wool. They're in beige, blue, black, or navy. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64 bust measurements. The price is only £6/17/6. Also in English gabardine (fitted style), £10/19/11. Write, call, or phone for yours to-day.

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WALTER unlocked the door half-an-hour later and stepped inside the house with Miss Fairhill. They went through from top to bottom, ending up finally in the den, where Walter told her about his capture of the sailfish.

"Let's go out and take the picture," Walter said.

He snapped shots from three angles while Miss Fairhill stood patiently by. Looking at her, Walter felt guilty that he was encroaching on her time.

"Let me take your picture, Miss Fairhill," he said, and posed her against a backdrop of shrubbery.

Back in town they were just in time to have the film developed, and then he posted them to Nancy.

He went back to the hotel and telephoned. "Found a house," he said proudly. "First one I looked at. All set to make an offer."

"The first one you looked at," Nancy said dispiritedly. "I might have known. Some high-pressure salesman has sold you a bill of goods."

"He didn't high-pressure me," Walter said. "And, furthermore, Miss Fairhill liked it as well as I did. It has a study and I can bring up my sailfish—"

"Is that it?" Nancy cried. "You're buying a house just because there's wall space for your snelly old sword-fish?"

"Sailfish," corrected Walter.

"I don't care if it's a sea serpent," Nancy said. "Did the real-estate agent take you and your precious Miss Fairhill around?"

"Well, no," Walter admitted. "We were by ourselves. Mr. Peabody had some other business."

"And you told her all about the sailfish," Nancy said. "You must have spent a lot of time there. You must have got to know her awfully well on such short notice."

"Wait a minute," said Walter.

"What color is the living-room?"

"It's a pale blue."

"I'll see the picture in the morning," Nancy said, "and call you first thing."

Walter hung up, mopped his brow, the telephone rang shrilly, and he jumped.

"Well," said Mr. Peabody when Walter finally muttered a hello, "how did you like the house your second trip?"

"Fine," said Walter.

"Well," said Mr. Peabody, "I wouldn't want to alarm you. But it's come to my knowledge that someone made an offer on it to-night."

Walter's heart sank into his shoes. Mr. Peabody continued, "They offered three thousand under the asking price, but I don't think they'll get it for that. If you want that house, what you'd better do is make your offer now. Say a thousand more."

"I'll see you in the morning," Walter said hoarsely.

He waited in his hotel room in the morning for the phone to ring, and when it was still silent at eight o'clock he called Nancy.

"Did you get the pictures?" he said.

"Some time ago," Nancy said.

"How did you like them?"

"Oh, lovely," Nancy said blithely.

"You bet," said Walter. "Very modern looking and nineteen years old."

"Nineteen," said Nancy bitterly.

Man Of The House

Continued from page 10

"Well, I was nineteen once and I bet I was just as snappy as she is. Just because I'm thirty now."

"What are you talking about?" said Walter.

"About your precious picture of Miss Fairhill," Nancy said. "You sent me her picture."

"Oh, gosh!" Walter said. "Those pictures got in by mistake. I was in a rush last night to make the mail plane. I'd forgotten about the pictures of Miss Fairhill. I must have stuffed them into the envelope without thinking."

"Instead of secreting them in your wallet," Nancy said. "I opened the envelope, expecting to see a picture of a house, and I see a picture of some simpering girl. And blonde, too, I'll bet. I tore up the envelope and I guess the other pictures were in it."

Walter staggered outside and over to Mr. Peabody's with the key. Mr. Peabody said, "I have this other client to see the house in thirty minutes. If you want to make that offer—"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Walter, "what I want to do."

He felt mesmerised. Ten minutes later he left and Mr. Peabody was carefully blotting a cheque. Walter reached the office and attempted without much success to work; at ten he was called into a conference with the top brass and was expected to talk intelligently about the research programme of his division. It was, Walter thought when he came out of the conference an hour later, a complete flop, and already the men must be wondering why he had been brought here.

DR. DEVLIN, his immediate chief, came in. "I wouldn't worry about things, Bryson," he said. "Everyone knows you are up to your neck and trying to find a house in addition."

Walter smiled wanly, the phone rang at his elbow, and Mr. Peabody said, "Congratulations. You've bought a house."

The remainder of the day was utter confusion. There were conferences with a law firm, with a mortgage company. Finally, weary, and light as air financially, Walter was back in his hotel room telephoning Nancy.

"Listen!" Walter shouted. "I bought a house. The movers will be coming to-morrow. They pack to-morrow and leave on Friday, and you can drive down now and stay in the hotel with me. We can move right in."

"You didn't think of that before you left," Nancy said. "You didn't suggest that then."

"How'd I know we'd find a place this soon?" said Walter.

"I can't possibly leave to-morrow," Nancy said. "I have three children in case you have forgotten. I can't pack up and leave to-morrow."

Nancy did not arrive the next night. There was no answer when Walter called the apartment, nor was there any Nancy the next day when the movers arrived. It did not look so hot, Walter reflected. The furniture that had crammed a five-room apartment was another kettle of fish in an eight-room house.

Thinking about fish reminded him and he addressed the nearest moving man.

"Hey, where's my fish?" he said. "My sailfish?"

"Didn't bring no sailfish," the man said.

Walter knew the answer. Nancy had thrown it away.

He was a lonely man in a lonely house and he had forgotten to have the electricity turned on. He prowled up and down as the house became gloomy and haunted-looking. Finally in the pitch dark Walter tripped on something and fell flat on his face. He got up and sat disconsolately on the couch.

There was a ring at the door at last, and Walter made his way through the debris and opened up, and there was Nancy.

She looked harried and her hair was every way, and the baby in her arms was crying, and the other two children were tugging at her skirts.

"We got off the road twice," said Nancy. "We had two flats miles from anywhere and I changed them myself. I had to take all the luggage out. I'm a wreck. What is this, a cave?"

"I forgot to have the electricity turned on," Walter said. "I've been sitting in the dark thinking it's all good. Nancy, I guess I did the wrong thing."

"Well," said Nancy, "that's something. That's something. And there are candles in the sideboard."

He found a large rug and they put the children to bed in the light. All the time Walter kept telling himself he would not break down. He would be dignified about it; he would never, never say a word about his sailfish.

They went downstairs and Walter looked up happily at Nancy, and suddenly she put her arms around his neck. "You poor darling," she said. "You've had a bad time."

"I managed to get along," said Walter stiffly.

Nancy giggled. "Walter, I just love the house. I was afraid to see it and it's wonderful. I have something for you in the car."

He followed her out and saw a large, flat, rectangular object strapped to the roof and covered with tarpaulin. "It almost drove me out of my mind," Nancy said, "but I was afraid to trust the sailfish to the movers. Let's put it in the living-room. I'd really like it there."

"The study," said Walter happily. "We'll leave it there until morning."

They went back across the grass and on impulse Walter picked up Nancy and carried her across the threshold. He put her down in the living-room and raised the candle high so that Nancy could have a better look at it.

She gave a little moan.

"What's the matter?" Walter said.

"Nothing's the matter," Nancy said. "That was just a cry of happiness."

But Walter, after all, was a veteran of eight years of married life. He looked at Nancy's bemused expression and said, "You may as well come out with it."

"You're a darling," Nancy said, "and I love you, and I'm simply wild about the house. But you said the living-room was blue, and it isn't blue at all, darling. It's green."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





MEET THE CROWD. What you say, what you do, and the way you handle the next few hours will make these young people like or dislike you.



APPROVAL and goodwill of the other girls are vitally important. Without them you'll find the going hard. Be generous, not gushy, in your praise.

Meeting the Gang

● Being liked by a boy isn't quite enough. His own particular friends must like you too. When he introduces you to them for the first time, it's up to you to make an impression that will do him credit and have them welcome you as a valuable but modest member of the gang.

KNOW A NEW STEP? Then keep it quiet until you know them better. They may think you're just showing off (left).

BE A GOOD LISTENER. You won't win friends by holding the floor. Go quietly until the gang have accepted you (right).



ADAPT YOURSELF to the gang's ways. Even though you might never have played their kind of games before, do not be afraid to try.

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BANDSMEN of H.M.A.S. Sydney practise for concert while off duty on board the aircraft-carrier.

Carrier on way home



AUSTRALIA'S first aircraft-carrier, H.M.A.S. Sydney, which went to England last June, is on her way home. Sydney went abroad to refit and take on 60 Fireflies and Sea-furies.

These new aircraft feature the most modern equipment in use in the Royal Navy.

Also on board Sydney are two squadrons of 21st Carrier Air Group.

For the past 18 months the Group has been doing a Fleet Air Arm course at R.N. stations throughout Britain.

On this page are pictures taken on board Sydney just before she left northern waters.

IN FULL EVENING DRESS three officers fish at night in North Sea from the carrier's quarter-deck (at left). From left: Lieut. John Cavanagh, Sydney; Lieut. Colin Wheatley, Brisbane; Lieut. John Salthouse, Melbourne. Below, pilots in "Ready Room" during exercise.



SPECIALLY TRAINED crew members check parachutes in H.M.A.S. Sydney before starting journey home. Parachutes cost nearly £100 each. They are inspected and repacked at intervals of eight weeks.



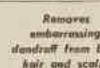
QUIETLY SPOKEN 47-year-old Captain D. H. Harries, Sydney, commander of H.M.A.S. Sydney.

**"Soaping" dulls hair.
Halo glorifies it!**



Not a soap,
not a cream...
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
... needs no
special rinse!



Removes
underlying
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable
... shining with
colourful natural
highlights!

YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo - America's favourite shampoo-to-day.

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LARGEST
SELLING
SHAMPOO
IN
America



A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 3/-

MB/120



M.2.8

MORLEY
"KANTSHRINK"
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woollens are light and
soft... keep you safe
alike from cold and
overheating.

MORLEY
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interlock is soft,
smooth, light, non-
irritating... stands up
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that launder... dry clean,
and hot irons can't hurt them!

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A product of G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Beutron

THE ALL PURPOSE BUTTON
Always Matches - Never Clashes



THEY LAUNDER - THEY DRY CLEAN
HOT IRONS CANNOT HURT THEM

Yours to Cherish

from this day forward



THERE'S evergreen charm in a bedspread made of beautiful Jeldi Chenille. You know at a touch, at a glance, that its chenille craft is its finest. And because it bears the Jeldi label you know the garden colours will keep blooming year after year, that each easy wash will make the downy texture softer, downier than ever! See Jeldi Chenille bedspreads at your favourite store, in all sizes, in dozens of enchanting new designs and colours.



Actually grows lovelier with use!

What a Pretty Picture....

you in a glamour-gown of Jeldi Chenille that pampers you, flatters you, fits to perfection! Jeldi makes them in a score of styles, a galaxy of glowing colours—all with the details that make fine fashion... waists well defined, belts that stay permanently flat, tailored shoulder pads that are as safe to wash as the gown itself. At good stores everywhere.



JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD.
The first to make Chenille in Australia

Shah of Persia picks shy, well-bred bride



"HAPPY, INFORMAL FAMILY GATHERING" was the 1942 description of this Cecil Beaton study of the Shah of Persia, his former wife, Queen Fawzia, and their daughter, Princess Shahnaz. Picture was taken at the Summer Palace, several miles from Teheran.

Marriage will end feud between royal family and fierce tribe

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

At her wedding to His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi, King of Kings, by Divine Gift Ruler of All the Persians, 19-year-old Soraya Esfandiara will behave with studied shyness.

Shyness is a sign of good breeding in Persia.

Instead of saying "I will," Soraya will modestly keep her eyes lowered and appear reluctant to be married. To prove his chivalry the Shah will say "Yes" immediately.

THE ceremony will be conducted by three Moslem priests on December 27, birthday of the prophet Mohammed.

While it is in progress Soraya and the Shah will be in two separate rooms. Soraya will kneel with a Koran on her lap.

After Soraya and the Shah are married they will sit together in the same room and she will be showered with gold and silver coins and confetti.

A few days later Soraya will be crowned Empress.

Male guests at the wedding will wear tails. The women will also wear European-style clothes, but their faces will be veiled.

Soraya is now living in a palace, some miles out of Teheran, that has been centrally heated lest she catch cold.

At the betrothal ceremony last month Soraya was suffering from a mild attack of flu. But she impressed the Shah's family with an elaborate display of modesty and shyness.

At this ceremony Soraya made a carefully rehearsed approach to the Royal presence. The Shah lifted her hand, smiled into her pretty face, and gently slipped an enormous blue-white diamond ring on her finger.

There was no kiss to seal the betrothal. But kisses were rained upon Soraya by the Shah's mother.

The maternal embrace was followed by kisses from the Shah's two sisters. These kisses Soraya returned, still very shyly.

Then the royal family drank sherbet and ate sweets to denote that Soraya was now one of them.

The Shah of Persia is rich as well as handsome. He has the classical profile of his race. From his father, the fierce aristocratic Reza Shah, who was once a Cossack army captain, he inherited a family fortune of more than £28,000,000, a State income of £80,000 a year, and all expenses paid.

But with all his wealth and seven palaces, the Shah has been a lonely man since his marriage to Princess Fawzia, sister of King Farouk of Egypt, was dissolved two years ago.

It has been known in Teheran for some time that the Shah was looking for a wife. But none of the eligible Moslem princesses appeared. Teheran magazines have splashed pictures of Persian glamour girls,



AFTER THEIR ENGAGEMENT, the Shah-in-Shah of Persia and his fiancée, Soraya Esfandiara, pose in a corner of the glittering Hall of Mirrors of the Marble Palace at Teheran. Soraya brought her white lame dress from Paris.

listing instances of their wit, virtues, and their perfume preferences.

It was all in vain. The Shah's wife had to be suitable as well as beautiful.

But in the past the Shah's taste in women has been quantitative rather than qualitative.

Last year while he was making a tour of the U.S. "to inspect aircraft" his advisers were worried about his association with a pretty young artist at the pleasure resort of Sun Valley.

In New York he was chided for setting his feet at a blonde show-girl who hopefully hinted that she was going to become an Eastern empress. She has now stopped hoping.

When the Shah's engagement to the green-eyed, fair-skinned Soraya Esfandiara was announced by Persian Court officials on October 11, it came as a complete surprise.

The Shah met Miss Esfandiara at a reception in Paris last year, but it was a picture of her shown to him by his elder sister, Princess Cham, that made him want to marry her.

Princess Cham flew to Paris to propose for her brother, Miss Esfandiara accepted. Three days later, chaperoned by Princess Cham, she was at Teheran.

Soraya is the daughter of a Persian nobleman, Khalil Esfandiara, and a half-German mother.

The royal marriage will put an end to a feud that developed between the Shah's father, Reza, and the fierce Bakhtiari tribe with which Khalil has a lot of influence.

Soraya's family is one of the powerful "300" of Persia. These are tribal chiefs and landowners—the ruling class of the kingdom.

The Persian King of Kings will be pleased and relieved to be at peace with the Bakhtiari, who live in the strategically important oil lands of his domain.

Plan-a-home contest closes November 10

Closing date of our Plan-a-Home Contest is November 10. Send your entry now. It may win a prize that will help you to build your dream home.

Eileen Woodford and John Brookes, of Canterbury, Sydney, are typical of scores of young people who are entering the competition.

EILEEN and John are both twenty-one. Eileen is a secretary and John is in his second year of a civil engineering course at Sydney University.

They worked on their contest plan for 16 evenings. "We bashed it round a lot and we're sure we've got it right at last," John said.

"Doors were the hardest of all. Wherever we placed them seemed wrong in some way."

RULES ARE SIMPLE

YOUR entry must consist of: **Conditions:**

1. A plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country.
2. A brief explanation of the plan and a description of color scheme and furnishings.

Plan:

A ground plan with the sizes of the rooms indicated and positions of doors and windows marked. If you propose to build in some of the furniture, show where this would be done.

The house may be up to 14 squares (1400 sq. ft.) in size, excluding verandahs or terraces.

Site for the home is a block of land 50ft. in frontage. Frontage to road faces south. Most pleasant views are to north.

Explanation:

Say in your own words why you arranged the rooms as you did and add a description of the way you would furnish it, giving colors and the type of furniture.

Finalists will be required to sign a declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press may enter this competition. Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Copyright on all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Write clearly and on one side of the paper only.

Address your entries to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408WW, G.P.O., Sydney. The envelope should be marked—Plan-A-Home Contest.



SHAH OF PERSIA in his sky-blue Air Force uniform.

I WENT TO LIVE IN TIMOR WITH 5 SERVANTS TO DO MY HOUSEWORK. NOW I'M BACK IN SYDNEY I HAVE ONLY ONE - A PACKET OF RINSO - BUT MY WASH HAS NEVER LOOKED SO WHITE!

Mrs. J. M. Bell
4 Cowper Street,
RANDWICK, N.S.W.

Its thicker, richer suds make

Rinso best for everything

For whites, coloureds, dishes...

2 OUT OF 3 HOUSEWIVES USE RINSO WITH ITS THICKER, RICHER SUDS

These housewives have tried Rinso and seen for themselves that it really does get clothes whiter and brighter than brand-new... because of the new magic in Rinso's thicker, richer suds. According to a big survey just completed, no fewer than two out of three housewives use Rinso.

A BOON TO BUSY MOTHERS

MY LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES ARE ALWAYS IN THE TUB - BUT THE COLOURS COME UP SMILING. THANKS TO RINSO I NEVER RECEIVED COMPLIMENTS ON MY WASHING TILL I STARTED USING RINSO

Mrs. M. Larr, 33 Lyle Street, WEST BRUNSWICK, VIC.

WASHING UP IS A PLEASURE NOW I USE RINSO! EVEN THE GREASY DISHES FROM A ROAST DINNER ARE NO TROUBLE AT ALL IN RINSO'S LOVELY THICK SUDS

Mrs. Janet Scott, Terrow Street, Camp Hill, 5TH, BRISBANE, Q'LD.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF:

It's a scientific fact that the better the suds the brighter the wash. Rinso gives up to 30% more suds than other products recommended for washing-up. That's why Rinso is best for whites, coloureds, dishes... everything.

Buy 2 packets One for the laundry, one for the kitchen

AFTER WASHING-UP RINSO SUDS ARE STILL THICK

AFTER SAME TIME OTHER SUDS ARE VERY FLAT

2.506 VVVVW

BOOK REVIEW

by AINSIE BAKER

By the simple expedient of brushing the dust off the proved prescription, that unabashed old sentimental Maurice Walsh ("The Small, Dark Man," "The Key Above the Door") has done it again.

The soured and cynical may — and will — point the finger of scorn at this simple tale of romance and trouble in the Highlands of Scotland. But Mr. Walsh has something that merely clever authors will never possess. It is the ability to give a great deal of pleasure to a great number of readers.

THE quirks and cragginess of the Scots character hold no secrets from the wise and gentle Mr. Walsh. He can tell a story of a canny, hardbitten Highlander as well as any man living.

Despite his curiously old-fashioned and often novelistic style, he is as delightful a writer as the Highlands are ever likely to have.

Women are the now elderly, galling (and surely bachelor) author's downfall. He presents his men with humor and certainty. But let a woman, be she a bairn, lassie, or the Scottish equivalent of a crone, so much as show her head in Mr. Walsh's glen and the poor man is at once unnerved and all a-twitter. A girlchild or maidie (I quote) named Alsin manages from her sick-bed to be the motivating force in solving Trouble in the Glen. She is 11, and without doubt the most nauseating child in literature.

Luckily for Alsin, though bed-ridden with a mysterious complaint, she has at her command in the person of Wing-Commander Sir Gawain Micklethwaite, Bart., an unusually handy trouble-fixer.

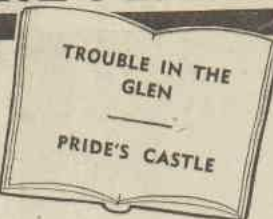
A D.S.C. winner, ex-P.O.W., and jungle fighter, he has no sooner been given by Queen Alsin the task of clearing her Glen Eanan of trouble than he is trespassing on Tigh Mhoire, the estate of the new laird and enemy, Samin Cejador y Mengues, and engaging in verbal skirmish with the laird's daughter Isobel.

"A nicely sexed young woman, and she has her looks!" thinks Gawain. "Once on a time'd ha' kissed that mouth and taken a chance!"

But for one reason and another Gawain has decided that women are not as far as he is concerned.

In this attitude he reckons without Alsin, who in no time at all has the proud Isobel and Sir Gawain chatting to each other across her bed.

Sir Gawain finds the prospect of a womanless life less attractive than he'd thought, and Isobel — though treated with every courtesy by the



author and admittedly something of a handful — realises that at last she's met her match and her man.

IN "Pride's Castle," 44-year-old American negro Frank Yerby has written a lusty action-packed story of a ruthless man born into a ruthless period.

The man is Pride Dawson and the period the 'seventies, that time of great financial expansion in America, when a man, provided he had the will and driving power, could become a millionaire before reaching middle age.

Mr. Yerby is obviously after no critics' awards, but has gone flat out to please the readers of his two previous successes, "The Foxes of Harrow" and "The Vixen."

Pride was a big man in every way. Big in stature, ambition, capacity, and will. He was a scoundrel who could still dream, a merciless adversary who broke men and women to his will.

To further his career he married Esther, the heiress to the Stillworth millions, though it was Sharon he loved.

For Caprice, his and Esther's daughter, he built the extravagant and elaborate castle that gives the book its name.

A financial power in his own right and independent of the Stillworth backing, Pride resumed his relationship with Sharon, while still according Esther the outward respect due to her as his wife and hostess.

Pride's arrogance and power were torn from him in the financial crash of 1891, from which he emerged vulnerable to the revenge of the humiliated Esther and her former suitor Joseph Fairhill.

Everything about this book is on the grand scale, highly colored, and twice as large as life. Those who love to "lose themselves in a novel" will sink happily into its overstuffed period plush, not caring until the end is reached if they come up for air or not.

"Trouble in the Glen" is published by Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Our copy from the publishers.

"Pride's Castle" is published by Heinemann. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Stirring historical novel

Next week we shall begin publishing, in serial form, one of to-day's most outstanding novels, "The Unknown Disciple," by Francesco Perri.

PART fact, part fiction, this novel tells the moving story of a young Roman Jew (the unknown disciple) who lived during the time of Christ.

It has a strong romantic theme. Presented against the colorful and stirring background of Roman and Jewish life, the story boldly portrays the events and personalities of the period.

Christ is depicted convincingly in a compelling style. With His disciples, Pontius Pilate, and other characters famous in history, He moves amid the social strife and superstition of the ancient Roman world.

Francesco Perri, recognised as one of Italy's most important writers, was awarded the Monadori Prize for Literature in 1927.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 4, 1950

STAYING POWER

ON Tuesday, November 7, Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne, will be the nerve centre of Australia while the Melbourne Cup is being run.

Fortunes will change hands, and modest wins will delight, or equally modest losses dash, the once-a-year punter at the other end of the betting scale.

Newsboys will give tips to stockbrokers, and the stockbrokers will take them.

Mr. Menzies and Mr. Chifley may have tickets in the same sweep.

Hundreds of thousands at the course, and away from it, will wait with bated breath while some stayer, not necessarily the best bred or the best trained horse in the race, wins the Melbourne Cup.

To preserve her place as a democratic nation, Australia needs, as citizens, stayers who keep going over a long course, though each lap is tougher than the last.

In the world race to-day, with nations of opposing ideologies manoeuvring for positions, Australia, a starter for the democratic stakes, has a good chance of being placed if the staying qualities of the people are equal to the test.

Crippled children

On November 17 the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children will hold a button day, and in Sydney there will be a fair in Martin Place.

This will be the culminating event in Crippled Children's Week, which will begin on November 13.

It costs the society £1200 a week to care for the 2000 crippled children it helps.

This money is spent in maintaining three orthopaedic hospitals, four spastic schools, and five country clinics.

As well there is a visiting service of physiotherapists and occupational therapists, and the Orana Club for teenagers has been established at 1 Bent Street.



CRANBROOK FETE. Mrs. Brian Lawrence with family, Pamela (left), Jeremy, and Jennifer, did some early Christmas shopping from many stalls at Cranbrook School fete held in the school grounds.



CAULFIELD CUP. World managing director for Shell Co., Mr. J. W. Platt, and Mrs. Platt (centre), who are visiting Australia from England, with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Curley at Caulfield Cup meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Platt are now spending several weeks in Sydney.



DOCTORS WED. The superintendent of Crown Street Women's Hospital, Dr. Reginald Hamlin, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. H. J. Hamlin, of New Zealand, and his bride, formerly Dr. Catherine Nicholson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. F. Nicholson, of Ryde, after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Dr. Nicholson was also attached to Crown Street medical staff.



MASQUERADE DANCE. Rosemary Hayman (left), Jim Bottomley, and Merren Waters compare masks they wore to Ravenswood Old Girls' Union's Masquerade Ball at the Pickwick Club.

Intimate Gossipings

LOTS of New South Wales people in Melbourne for Caulfield Cup meeting saw Lady Brooks, wife of the Governor of Victoria, present trophy for the One Thousand Guineas Stakes to Alec Creswick, whose filly True Course was winner.

This is the first occasion in the history of the Victoria Racing Club that a trophy has been presented by a woman.

Temperamental after her win, True Course shook off the petunia-colored sash, but, undaunted, Lady Brooks tied it round her neck a second time. Mrs. Creswick, formerly Dinah Meeks, of Sydney, was most disappointed that illness kept her from attending the meeting.

MRS. TOM BAILLIEU and daughter Leslie flew down from Cassilis to watch their horse, Achilles, race. They were smart mother-and-daughter duo in grey suits and small, close-fitting white hats. Thrilled to see her horse, Saxony, run third in the Caulfield Cup was Mrs. Mac Falkner, of "Boonoke," Deniliquin. Eye-catching fashion was the flowing green flannel tent-coat lined in catseye worn by Mrs. Norman Myer, who is just back from England.



DINNER DANCE. University students Frank Taylor (left) and Ted Marsden, from St. John's College, chat with Mary Candrick (left) and Ann Hannan, from Sancta Sophia College, at the dinner dance at the Pickwick Club arranged by Sancta Sophia ex-students for a resident scholarship fund for their college.



YOUNGER SET. Ross Andley offers savories to committee of newly formed Bellevue Hill Younger Set, Marce McGrath (left), Judi Carey, Helen Dillon, and Shirley Ereson, at their dance at Woolahra Golf House to aid the Spastic Centre, Mosman.

CAULFIELD festivities are only a prelude to the gay Melbourne Cup party round which begins this Saturday on Derby Day when Mrs. T. C. Manifold, wife of Victoria Racing Club vice-chairman will be official hostess at a large luncheon party in the ladies' committee room. Trio of parties on Cup Eve start with the Louis Nelkens' now famous Cup Eve cocktail party for several hundred friends at their lovely home, Cloyne, in Toorak Road. On the same night Mrs. Ernest Austin, of "Yallambree," Beaufort, and Mrs. Neville Armytage, of Deniliquin, will be joint hostesses at a dance at 9 Darling Street for debut of their daughters, Ruth Austin and Judith Armytage. Lots of guests will also attend Dick and Thelma Newton's cocktail party at The Delphi, Alfred Hall.

MUCH excitement for Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Graham, of Rockdale, when they become grandparents twice in one month. Their daughter Muriel, wife of Jim Jardine, of Lake Wyangan, Griffith, had a new baby, James Franklin John, and a few weeks later their other daughter Margaret and her husband, Dr. Alexander Tait-Smith, cabled from London news of their first baby, Robert Graham. Dr. and Mrs. Tait-Smith hope to bring their newborn to Australia next year.

WHILE Wing - Commander Cameron Mervyn-Jones and his bride, formerly Sydney girl Margaret Devlin, cut two tiers of their wedding cake after their marriage in Dublin last week, bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Devlin, cut the third tier at a family party in Sydney to celebrate the occasion. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Mary Devlin, of Merrylands, and the late Mr. J. A. Devlin. Bridegroom is the only child of Mrs. G. N. Astbury, of Hertford, Cheshire, in England. They met when Margaret and Betty Cook, of Manly, were sightseeing in Wales after hitch-hiking round the Continent, and became engaged in June. The couple will live at Air Force headquarters on the Isle of Man. They plan to come to Australia later.

FATE is playing tricks with the newlywed Alf Stubbs' efforts to combat the housing shortage. Alf and his bride, formerly Joy Waddell, only daughter of Mrs. I. C. Waddell, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. J. C. Waddell, have left Sydney for Darwin, where he is director of a contracting firm. Their first home will be hotel rooms. "The problem in Darwin is getting land," Joy says. "Every time you decide on a block they want to put a road through it."



CLOTHES BARGAINS. Sue Watt models a navy linen model frock at Peter Pan Free Kindergarten parade at Opportunity Shop in Rowe Street for Jacqueline Redstone (left) and Joy Jamieson.



QUIET WEDDING. Mr. Bobbie Brash, of Edgecliff, and his bride, formerly Miss Gwen Marshall, of Elizabeth Bay, with Mrs. Alan Copeland and her daughter Caroline at Mrs. Copeland's home at Darling Point, where the reception was held after their marriage. Couple will honeymoon in New Zealand.

Anne

Save energy
and money, too
WITH

**KIWI
GLINT**

**THE MULTI-
PURPOSE CLEANER**

Save money in your household budget by using Kiwi Glint — the newest and most efficient cleaner possible, removing the necessity of purchasing separate types of cleaning polishes, pastes, powders or compounds.

Economical To Use: Costs only 2½¢ a tin (slightly higher in some country areas). And you use it sparingly for best results.

Will Not Scratch: Leaves a crystal clear protective film that ensures a long-lasting polish.

No Water Required: Glint is ready for instantaneous use.



The only cleaner that
does the work of separate
pastes and powders.

**CLEANS AND POLISHES AT THE
SAME TIME — JUST WIPE ON
GLINT AND WIPE OFF DIRT.
NO ARM-ACHING RUBBING.**



It's new to
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KIWI GLINT

the miracle cleaner
for
glass & metalware

ONLY
2'6
A TIN
(slightly higher in
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Not a shirt...

but a way of life...

a way of leisure,
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where men
demand the
extra ease,
extra colour,
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STYLED IN LOS ANGELES

Available in Australia at
leading stores in the most

exciting designs, fabrics and
colours seen in this country.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make



"JULIE."—Pretty and very attractive sun frock with bolero to match. The frock features fitted waistband and gathered bodice effect with full skirt and smart pocket treatment. The material is a pin-spotted summer breeze cotton and the color choice includes pink, white, green, white, navy-blue, white and red/white.

Ready To Wear: Dress—Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 1/9.

Bolero: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 17/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 18/9. Postage, 10½d.

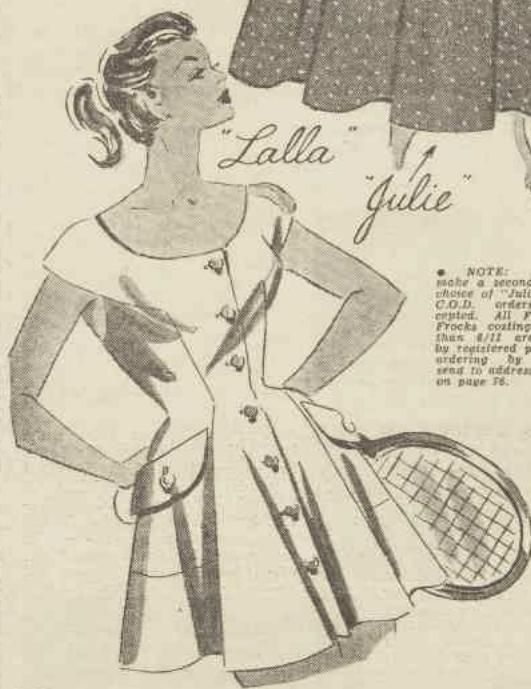
Cut Out Only: Dress—Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage, 1/9.

Bolero: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 11/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 12/9. Postage, 10½d.

"LALLA."—Very new and most attractive tennis frock with full front buttoning and new pocket effects. The material is a white slub linen.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/9. Postage, 1/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 47/9. Postage, 1/9.



* NOTE: Please make a second color choice of "Julie." No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks costing more than 4/12 are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 78.

**ANACIN
STOPS PAIN
FASTER**



because it's
like a
doctor's
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for: headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—without doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders—both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

Whichever you prefer

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STOP PAIN FASTER

**ARE YOU SLOWLY
POISONING YOURSELF?**

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanliness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxima—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanliness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC

FOR BETTER
INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all chemists and stores.

Personality Quiz:

HOW SHY ARE YOU?

Just for fun, put these questions to yourself frankly, then turn to page 24 and find the measure of your shyness and self-consciousness.

- 1—When you walk into a room do you feel that everyone stops talking and looks critically at you?
- 2—Would it bother you if you were asked to make an impromptu speech?
- 3—Can you keep a conversation going along merrily after you've been introduced to someone?
- 4—Could you laugh at yourself and tell it as a joke if you arrived for that party on a Friday night instead of the Saturday, when it took place?
- 5—Before that dance, that picnic, or that tennis party, do you say to yourself, "I wish I wasn't going. I never seem to have any fun?"
- 6—Would you say that the applicant with a good manner and moderate qualifications for the job had a better chance than the shy person with the highest degrees?
- 7—Do you accept most people you meet as future friends?
- 8—Do you think of embarrassing moments that occurred years ago? (The chances are no one remembers them but you.)
- 9—Are the weeks ahead stacked with outings that you have planned or been asked to?
- 10—Can you sit by yourself in a room full of people and look quite self-sufficient and happy as you are?

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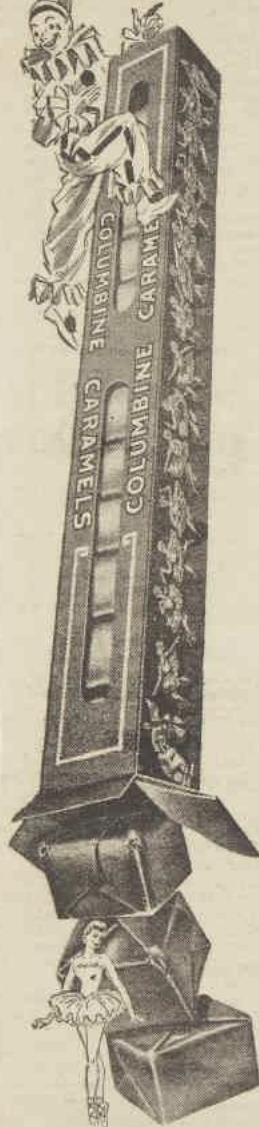
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WORTH REPORTING

AT least 30 boys will see this year's Melbourne Cup run at Flemington. Their job will be to track down glasses left round the course by punters too busy picking winners to return them to the bar.

While they will pick up and return to refreshment rooms at least a hundred dozen glasses, they will also pick themselves good vantage points from which to ride their fancies home in the Cup.

Mrs. Elsie Ferguson, catering manageress, says the boys do a marvellous job and earn their wages many times over in saving breakages and preventing souveniring.

Safe as houses ought to be

"SAFE as houses" is a saying open to question, according to the National Safety Council.

This voluntary body is mainly concerned with making industry as safe as possible for the workers, and it is financed by subscriptions from companies which use its services.

It is now concerning itself with safety in the home, where so many serious accidents occur.

Housewives deal with a complex array of equipment and the Council warns them that it is better to switch off the iron or sweeper when they feel a funny tremor going through it.

The tremor may presage a fatal shock.

Other hazards are open drawers, cupboard doors, and half-closed doors in dark rooms.

Then there is the fire risk caused by smoking in bed, but even the Council does not suggest a cure for that.

TOTTING up amounts needed to pay accounts on Friday the thirteenth a friend tells me he got the startling total of £13/13/-.

He wrote a cheque for this amount with trepidation, wondering whether he should back a horse or increase his insurance.

When Eskimos get influenza

EQUIVALENT of our Australian Aerial Medical Service is the Red Cross Hospital at Yellowknife in the Canadian sub-Arctic. If the patient cannot be brought in, instruction on treatment is given by wireless.

Eskimo babies start life in the hospital's spotless wards, their cribs side by side with European and Canadian children. When a flu epidemic spread through the sub-Arctic, nurses and doctors flew to Coppermine, and crawled in and out of igloos with penicillin and other life-saving drugs.

"For the beach —the black!"

TALL, slim, handsome Frenchman M. Brunier, who brought to Australia some beautiful dress materials, had to get his fashion message over through an interpreter.

He did not really need to describe the materials. He had only to show them and most women were sold.

For evening dresses and ball gowns: Satin covered with tulle, heavy taffeta and brocade, blubbed plisse taffeta, sequin-covered taffeta, and the finest chiffon sheer woven into permanent tiny pleats.

We asked him about beach wear in France, and he was very firm, through his interpreter, that anything but black was not to be considered.

"The black swimsuit, sometimes with the light embroidery, but the suit all black, and it is the black beach coat, you understand," the interpreter told us.



"Filet mignon means herring, Bill? I hate herring."

Mr. Rosen, of U.S., show business

AT a Press conference-cocktail party we met Mr. Al Rosen, who is in Australia to build two hotels and theatres combined.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," said Mr. Rosen, pumping our hand up and down with the right hand, while giving us rounded details about himself with the left.

A glance at the rounded sheet informed us that Mr. Rosen was in American show business—both stage and motion pictures—and had been one of Hollywood's top agents for years.

"What's your favorite play, Mr. Rosen?" we asked.

"Mary Had a Little," said Mr. Rosen.

It transpired that Mr. Rosen wrote "Mary Had a Little."

A fluent talker, Mr. Rosen said theatre was "life and blood, life and blood. No, I've never been on stage myself. There's no ham in me."

Mr. Rosen also told us he was friends with everyone in Hollywood, and in business. "You can't dislike anyone in business. We're friends, all friends," he said, producing another cocktail.

Mr. Rosen said that he had also kissed the blarney stone. He informed us, too, that he had discovered Judy Garland.

He said Judy was 14 when he found her, and was singing in Reno with her two sisters. Mr. Rosen knew she had talent, so he told her mother he wanted to take her to Hollywood, and took her straight away.

"Of course, Garland wasn't her real name," said Mr. Rosen. "The family name was Gumm."

Twenty-two years on world tour

FREDERICK HALPERN, painter and etcher, has taken 22 years on a tour of the world, paying his way in each country with his pictures.

He told us about his travels when he visited Australia before going to New Guinea.

He first set out after finishing his studies at the school of Fine Art, in Paris.

He lived for a year with pygmies in the Ituri Forest, on the eastern fringe of the Belgian Congo, and he also studied giants in the Ruanda-Urundi, which is Belgian Trust territory in South-East Central Africa.

These giants are from seven-and-a-half to eight feet in height, with the women a dainty six-and-a-half feet. They are not negroid in appearance, but are handsome, with good features and light to chocolate skin.

Halpern also lived in Southern Sudan with the Stork Men, a "proud, wild tribe who live only on milk and blood, and stand on one leg, against which they rest the other."



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SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE CAMERA

Economical and efficient; Meniscus lens; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp., 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 ins. Price, £7/2/6.

BROWNIE REFLEX CAMERA

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp., 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 ins. Price, £4/1/-.



SIX-20 KODAK "A" (1/4.5) CAMERA

Anastar f/4.5 lens, focusing from 3 1/2 ft. to infinity; Epsilon shutter with four speeds to 1/150th sec.; time and "bulb"; 8 exp., 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 ins. Price, £23/0/0; f/6.3 model, £12/8/3.



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Moonrakers

Continued from page 5

REGRETFULLY, Denny said, "But I couldn't. I mean, I shouldn't have anywhere to keep him."

She rose from where she had been kneeling in the straw, met his eyes, very bright in the ray of sunshine which filtered through the dusty window.

For some odd reason she could not look away.

"You could keep him here," Tom said at last. "You could come to Moonrakers to see him . . ."

But that wouldn't do. Anna would be married, living at Rivel—there would be no reason for Denny to come to Moonrakers again.

It was nearing the end of her stay at Moonrakers when she and Tom walked one evening beside the river. Carey had been in to supper. They had talked of the wedding in the autumn.

"You'll come, won't you, Denny?" Anna said.

"I would love to come," Denny said, knowing all the time that she would never come again to Moonrakers.

An enchanted world but not the world for Denny, who was all set for a brilliant career.

Tom said quite suddenly, "Denny, I love you very much. I wish you would marry me."

She stared at him and for a moment she struggled with a wild inclination to laugh. Afterwards she wondered why she had wanted to laugh.

Perhaps it was the simple, matter-of-fact way in which he spoke, the almost childish phrasing of his words; and then, of course, it was funny, definitely amusing to think that Denny Garland should marry a farmer.

But mixed up with the inclination to laugh was the strangest pang of tenderness for Tom.

She thought, looking at his thin, tanned, straight-featured face, he's kind, he's nice, he would make a wonderful husband.

Then she was furious with herself for allowing such a thought to slip in, and because she was furious she gave a horrible little half-laugh which showed quite clearly that she did not take him seriously.

"Oh, I don't think I should make a very satisfactory farmer's wife. I don't see myself milking the cows, do you?"

Tom looked at her gravely. "You know quite well that you wouldn't have to milk the cows," he said, and she was angry again at herself for having made that stupid slip.

"Well, you know what I mean," she said inadequately.

Tom said, "I think you like Moonrakers. I think you would be very happy here. Denny, I'm going to be very lonely when Anna has gone."

She was glad that he said that—it gave her her opportunity. "What you need is a housekeeper," she said, unkindly because she was shaken.

His face became blank and withdrawn and she knew that she had hurt him.

"Maybe, but I was asking you to be my wife because I love you," he said with dignity.

"My wife." And live always at Moonrakers—step into the enchanted world and let everything else go by . . . forget about ambition and the brilliant career.

Take over Anna's jobs in that kitchen with the cacti on the window sill, arranging the flowers in the sunny rooms, feeding the hens, shutting up the geese for the night—all the thousand demanding tasks which Anna crammed into a day.

She shook her head. "Tom, I couldn't. I mean, I'm not the right person for you."

Afterwards, too, she wondered what would have happened if he had protested, given her another chance. But by then it was too late to wonder, for he merely gave a brief nod.

"Well, that's that," he said unemotionally. "Now if you'll excuse me, can you find your way back to the house? I must take a look at the bullocks."

Bullocks! She tried to feel scornful as she watched him stride away, slight and curiously graceful, but there could be no other way.

She was not meant for a farmer's wife.

"And anyway, what about my career?" she said to Anna that night.

Anna was inclined to be reproachful. "Oh, Denny, it would have been wonderful. Tom is such a darling."

"I know he's a darling," said Denny fretfully.

"Well then," Anna said. "You at Moonrakers, me at Rivel—it would be perfect. We should have such fun. And anyway, if you think he's a darling you must be in love with him."

"Not at all," said Denny reasonably. "I think Tom is a darling but I'm not in love with him."

"Oh, pout," cried Anna. "You know what I mean."

It was then that Denny said again, "What about my career?"

With an eloquent gesture Anna flung the career to the winds. "That for it! You'd be much happier in the long run at Moonrakers with Tom. Anyway, you'll be here for the wedding—you may have changed your mind by then."

Denny shook her head. "I shan't come to the wedding. No, really it would be much better not to. I don't want to start it all over again."

"I shall send you an invitation all the same," Anna said. "You never know . . ."

It arrived on a misty, autumn day, a formal invitation plus a note from Anna.

"Here you are, and you must come. Just dash out now and buy yourself a very grand dress because this is going to be a very grand wedding. Come a day or two before. I need help and advice—and someone to talk to."

Please turn to page 52





It seems to me . . .

I ONCE met a man who wasn't interested in the Melbourne Cup.

I was introduced to him in a lift, three minutes after one of those annual gatherings depicted by Wep on the front cover of this issue.

"What did you back?" I asked politely.

"I take no interest in racing," he said coldly.

I could have pointed out that plenty of people who take no interest in racing take an interest in the Melbourne Cup. But naturally enough the conversation withered and died. It was like remarking that it was a nice day and being told that the new acquaintance wasn't interested in weather.

I have forgotten his name. Naturally the introduction didn't flower into a friendship. But he made an impression, a slightly unpleasant one, tinged with the grudging admiration one has for the person who is brave enough to swim against the tide.



Dorothy Drain

By

PRESIDENT of the Education and Action for Leisure Association, Mr. Carl Lawton, said in London recently that after a few weeks of retirement most people long to be back at work.

Nowadays it would be hard to assess whether that's because they find the leisure dull, or because they find it difficult to live on small, unearned incomes.

There's an idea that the older people grow the less they need. That, I think, is a fallacy, comforting to those who haven't yet reached the stage where they have to make a pension or superannuation cover their needs.

Most of us would need a good deal more money for leisure than for work.

Work at best may be a joy and a pleasure. At its worst it's a way of filling in time.

The sad thing is that many people have to work so hard and so long that, when in retirement leisure is forced upon them, they can't adjust themselves to using it.

To-day the problem is worse because many modest hobbies cost money, and steady inflation puts them beyond the reach of the retired.

A SMALL item which appeared in the daily Press recently may not have attracted world-wide attention, but I intend to have it reproduced on art paper and framed.

It was headed "Ex-smoker runs amok" and was a cable from Athens, describing how a grocer in Crete, having given up smoking on the advice of his doctors, suddenly went mad and shot dead a woman and a girl and wounded five others.

Whenever I give way to fits of irritability kind friends (mostly reformed smokers or non-addicts) suggest that the way to perfect health and amiability is to cut down cigarettes.

From now on I intend to glower at them and point wordlessly at the framed item on the wall. That should fix them.

A FORMER fish frier in England has invented synthetic fish, to be known as "synfish."

Hark! Hark! the shark in ocean's deep swims
And trout no longer rise,
With fish the water swarms and brims,
Not lured by bait or flies,
And everything that seems a fin
Says "Let 'em synthesize,"
And cries with happy fishy grin,
"We're safe, no grills, no fries."

THE British genius for compromise is exemplified in the new House of Commons, where, though the building follows the pattern of the old House of Commons, air-conditioning, fluorescent lighting, and microphones and amplifiers provide modern comforts.

It's a safe bet that remnants of these devices, at present the latest thing, will be preserved in some traditional form when they're long outdated.

Just as the doorkeeper still offers snuff to members entering the Commons (the box now made from pieces of the Speaker's chair destroyed in World War II), so a thousand years hence a guide will point out an old amplifier.

"This is a survival of the old days," he will say. "Now that every politician has a small amplifier built into his top front teeth it's unnecessary, of course."

"It is interesting to recall that in those days the voice came through just as it was delivered, whereas to-day all accents, from provincial to Cockney, are transmuted to purest B.B.C. by the modern 'tooth-vox'."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 4, 1950

For Mrs. "Busy Bee"...

Give yourself more leisure and make meal times a pleasure—by serving tasty Imperial Camp Pie.

Cooked to perfection by Imperial Chefs, and with the "home-cooked" flavour sealed in the can, Imperial Camp Pie is a real boon to the busy housewife when it comes to meal-planning and preparation.

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JEAN SIMMONS stops work to chat with her mother on the set of "So Long at the Fair." Mrs. Simmons, who has a personality as lively and sparkling as that of her famous daughter, recalls that Jean did her first day's film work nearly seven years ago.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Flamingo Road

CONFIRMED martyr-type Joan Crawford gets a better than ordinary chance to fight back against tremendous odds in Warners' "Flamingo Road," which has been censored for screening from Robert Wilder's broad novel.

Crooked American politics in a small southern town provide the dominant background for the film, but I must admit to deriving greater pleasure from watching Miss Crawford keep a stiff upper lip through a series of emotional upsets than from the revelations of political corruption.

The actress perfected her technique for this brand of taut heart-break years ago, and can also make better time climbing the social ladder than any other actress in the business.

The fireworks start when Joan falls foul of the town's gross political boss, Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, and no quarter is asked or given in the test of strength that follows.

She delivers a knock-out blow to her enemy by marrying rival political bigshot David Brian, but the sheriff's deadly antagonism takes other twists and turns before the twosome is presumably permitted to seek a new life.

The Greenstreet character is overdone, but Zachary Scott is good in the rather snivelling role of the young politician who falls by the wayside. Newcomer David Brian is assured and charming.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ Angel With the Trumpet

LONDON FILMS' saga of the Alt family of Vienna follows a melancholy measured pattern of nostalgic sentiment, which succeeds in tugging at the emotions occasionally.

Its most distinguished feature is actress Eileen Herlie's character study of Henrietta Stein, which is bound to delight connoisseurs and put the cinema world at her feet.

The actress dominates the period from 1880, when stolid Francis (Basil Sydney), of the old, middle-class Alt family, informs his relatives of his intention to marry youthful Henrietta, whose name has been coupled with that of the Crown Prince Rudolph.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Elusive Pimpernel, Page 49
A Life of Her Own, Page 50
Alida Valli in Italy, Page 53

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

On her wedding day news of the royal suicide at Mayerling reaches Henrietta, and thereafter the story relates the never-too-happy experiences of the young woman rearing her family and growing old in a tottering world.

It may be claimed that Miss Herlie is rather too grown-up for warm-hearted Henrietta in the springtime of life, but it's a fleeting criticism. Norman Woodland is not impressive in the role of the weak and rather pathetic heir to the Austrian throne.

The young Alts, John Justin and Oscar Werner, have Maria Schell to complete their group. She comes to Britain with a Continental reputation for acting integrity, and was secured to play Anna Linden in the British picture on the strength of her performance in an Austrian version of the same film.

In Sydney—Embassy.

LESLIE CARON, petite French ballerina, who left France for the first time in her life to appear in "An American in Paris," with Gene Kelly, was the loneliest girl on the M.G.M. lot when her mother left her to return to their Paris home. However, studio executives changed all that after rushes of the film were viewed. Deciding not to await public reaction to the film, they've given the 17-year-old dancer a new contract with a fat salary increase.

ARE YOU SHY?

Answers to Personality Quiz published on page 20: 1, Yes, 2, Yes, 3, No, 4, No, 5, Yes, 6, Yes, 7, No, 8, Yes, 9, No, 10, No.

Eight to 10: You're making yourself miserable with shyness. No one is watching you with lynx eyes to see whether you blush, stammer, or make a social faux pas. Think less of yourself, more of others.

Five to Seven: Sometimes you feel a twinge of shyness, but you have it licked.

Three to Five: You're poised, mature, and good company.

Under Three: Now, don't go to the other extreme of brash over-confidence.



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FEEL SMOOTHER! Pomper the snifters up! With extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

SLAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.



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Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

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Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Cup Carnival



IT'S Melbourne Cup time again. Beautiful Flemington racecourse and the horses that will compete there for the £8750 first prize and £300 gold cup have been brought to the peak of perfection. On this page are five of the main acceptors for the race.



COMIC COURT, South Australian winner of Victoria Derby and St. Leger (above left), with St. Comedy, his full brother. Breeding, Powerscroft from Witty Maid.

DELTA, last season at three years won Victoria Derby, second in A.J.C. Derby (below). Breeding, Midstream - Gazza. Owner, A. Bassett; trainer, M. McCarten.



FOXZAMI, winner of 1949 Melbourne Cup (top left). Five-year-old horse by New Zealand sire Nizami out of Honeywood. Owner, L. Robinson. Trainer, Dan Lewis.

THRACIAN LAD, four-year-old gelding by Iolaus-Brunswick Joy (above left). Won 1949 Rosehill Guineas. Owned by Dr. C. M. Guiney. The trainer is Dan Lewis.



Page 25

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Cup Quiz

Here are 10 Melbourne Cup champions.

YOU saw each one pictured in the Press and on the newsreels in the year of his triumph, heard the excited racing commentators describe their winning gallops down the straight.

To test your memory, try this quiz. Answers below.

1—Name each of the 10 horses shown on this page.

2—A horse romped in at 16/1 on a rain-soaked track a few years ago. The color was grey—the second grey to win a Cup. The first was Tory Boy, in 1865. The second was—?

3—Carrying the colors gold and white, a mare covered the course in 3min. 24½sec. Do you remember her name?

4—Which outsider won in an austerity year when the Cup was run on a Saturday for the first time because there were restrictions on mid-week racing?

5—They tried to shoot the favorite, but they needn't have bothered. Although the favorite ran, a seven-year-old horse came home at 100 to 1. It was—?

6—Darby Munro has ridden two Cup horses to victory in the past nine years. He remembers them well. Do you?

7—Which winner covered the course in record time of 3min. 21sec., despite an unsound leg and a saddle sore?

8—Which horse won at 16 to 1 after a neck-and-neck struggle with Hoyle?

9—A horse had No. 9 barrier position and won for his owner £5250 and a war bond. What was the horse's name?

10—People who backed the favorite, Beau Vite, were disappointed. The winner was—?

1. Old Rowley, 1940; Skipton, 1941; Colonus, 1942; Dark Fidd, 1943; Strim, 1944; Ralshud, 1945; Runna, 1946; Hrazp, 1947; Foxam, 1948; 2. Hrazp, 1948; Foxam, 1949; 3. Ralshud, 1946; Runna, 1945; 4. Ralshud, 1948; Foxam, 1949; 5. Old Rowley, 6. Runna, 7. Ralshud, 8. Foxam, 9. Strim, 10. Skipton.



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Beautiful Flemington goes gala again

FLEMINGTON, which is one of the most beautiful racecourses in the world, covers more than 300 acres. In the wide sweep shown above, taken from Tattersall's stand, are the finishing post, public and members' stands. The Victorian Government has leased the course to the Victoria Racing Club since 1840 for two peppercorns a year.



CHECKING THE COLORS. Mrs. Lucy Morrison packs up racing satins ordered from her Melbourne store.

KEEPER OF THE CUP. Mr. William Findlow, puts this year's trophy in its satin-lined, polished wooden box.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 4, 1950

Page 27



Alice in Bond's Undieland!

Adventure No. 3

"Oh dear, Oh dear," said the White Rabbit, "My children grow so fast that they've hardly got a stitch to their backs. I try so hard to be a good mother, but just look at their vests, way up under their armpits. Now don't tell me it's my own fault, or I'll burst into tears."

"Oh, don't do that, please," said Alice. "I wouldn't like you to cry. Look, I've got a present for you in my little bag."

"A present!" said the White Rabbit, "But it isn't my birthday."

"Oh, but this is an un-birthday present," said Alice. "The kind of present you can give on 364 days of the year when

it ISN'T your birthday. It's the kind of present my Mummy gives to ME." And it was! YOU can give YOUR babies this kind of present, too, Mummy. Just imagine—a vest that baby does NOT grow out of! Bond's "Cumfy" Vest grows with added length. In softest of soft cotton or unshrinkable wool and rayon, Bond's "Cumfy" vests for infants and children are approved by clinics throughout Australia. And that Tru-size label is your guarantee of perfect fit.

Bond's Tru-Size Vests for Baby
Available at all leading stores



*Friday night
is AMAMI
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—the night for your regular Amami shampoo. Your hair will then be radiant with the lovely qualities of youth — without the tiniest suspicion of the hard brittle sheen which comes of using the wrong shampoo. For 26 years — think of it, nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! — beautiful women all over the world have been regularly using Amami Shampoos. Here is proof that Amami does not rob the scalp of its precious natural hair foods but keeps it clean and healthy . . . the hair softly shining, perfectly behaved.

Amami No. 1 for Brunettes. No. 2 for Blondes.

AMAMI
Shampoos

After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls



"NERVES AND
NURSING DON'T
GO TOGETHER.
SO I CHEW
JUICY FRUIT"

Chewing Juicy Fruit eases tension and strain. Soothes nerves. Helps you relax.



A 21

Winning a Cup is hard work



AFTER AN EARLY MORNING WORK-OUT, Arthur Bentley, foreman at Stan Lamond's Kensington stables, washes and rubs down Benvolo's legs (above). Above right, trainer Stan Lamond times Benvolo on the old Victoria Park racetrack.



By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

The five months taken to prepare a horse for the Melbourne Cup mean all work and no play for both horse and trainer.

By the time the average runner competes in the Cup, the cost to the owner can run into thousands of pounds.

COLTS cost between £500 and £5000 at the Yearling Sales. Many champions have been bought for only £100 and plenty of duds have cost £5000. Average price is about £800.

Most owners spend about £500 a year on training.

Veterinary and farriers' charges, entrance and acceptance fees, and jockeys' wages make the yearly total up to about £1000.

I asked veteran trainer Stan Lamond, of Kensington, Sydney, third generation of a family of Australian racehorse trainers, to tell me how he gets a horse ready for the Cup.

Mr. Lamond trains Benvolo. He has been a trainer for the past 25 years. He was apprenticed to his grandfather, Mr. Tom Lamond, who trained Archer, winner of the first and second Melbourne Cups, in 1862 and 1863.

His grandfather also trained another Cup winner, Zulu.

Mr. Lamond still has the silver-mounted whip carried by Archer's jockey.

Mr. Lamond is a little man, with a sunbrowned face, crinkled eyes, and a great love of horses.

His stables, opposite old Victoria Park Racecourse, at Kensington, usually hold twelve racehorses. He employs one foreman, three grooms, two apprentices, two casual stablehands, and two jockeys.

Mr. Lamond thinks that besides speed and stamina a racehorse must have courage.

"When a horse has courage he has the chance of becoming great," he told me. "A horse without courage will never win a long race like the Melbourne Cup."

"It takes great courage and a big heart to go that distance."

"I think, perhaps, Carbine was the greatest horse to have raced in Australia. He had tremendous courage."

HOOF INSPECTION. Kensington farrier Vince Sweeney (left), helped by foreman Arthur Bentley, inspecting Benvolo's shoes as last-minute check before horse leaves his Kensington, Sydney, stables for Cup Carnival.



STROLLING HOUR. Trainer Stan Lamond's only daughter Joyce taking Benvolo for his afternoon walkabout exercise in the stable yard. Joyce helps with the horses whenever possible.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 4, 1954

and it costs a small fortune



STABLEMATES. Foreman Arthur Bentley saying good-night to Benvolo and to Ben, the black cat. Ben was born in Benvolo's stable, always sleeps there.



FIRST-YEAR APPRENTICE Bob Burton, aged 16, polishes up Benvolo's saddle and harness. Mr. Lamond thinks Bob has great promise as a jockey.

and won the Cup carrying 10st. 5lb., the heaviest weight a Cup horse ever carried.

"Benvolo will carry 8st. 12lb. He has courage, too.

"We start training by breaking the young horse in. Racehorses are very sensitive. They must be handled carefully and educated gently.

"Take Benvolo for instance. He ran third in last year's Cup. Ben is a very fussy horse. Although he is energetic, he is also good-natured and honest. That can't be said for all racehorses."

"Many of them are dishonest; in fact, downright crooked, the way they deceive their trainers.

"Horses are all so different in personality. Some of my horses are shy and retiring, and prefer stalls at the back of the stables.

"But Ben is different. He likes a stall by the driveway where he can keep his eye on everything. He's a real stickybeak.

"After the young horse is mouthed and saddled, he is taken over to the track and gently introduced to track work.

"All this takes from a month to six weeks.

"Some horses strike form early, but this does not mean an early career is always a good horse. I find that the best stayers are usually the horses who strike form late.

"When the horse becomes used to the track and has a little more training he is entered in an early

two-year-old race. If he does well, he will enter a few more races, then have an eight weeks' rest period on a spelling farm.

"It is usually when the horse is about three years old and has done well in classic races such as Derbies and other important events that the owner and trainer put their heads together and decide that they will train him for the Cup.

"Serious training for the Cup begins after the winter spell late in June.

"We give the candidate plenty of long trotting and cantering to strengthen his legs and body.

"His teeth are attended to regularly, and he's overhauled every three weeks by the veterinary. The training tempo is increased gradu-

ally. He's entered in short races—about 1 mile—at first, and works up to 1½ mile events.

ally. He's entered in short races—about 1 mile—at first, and works up to 1½ mile events.

"Though the pace of training is increased the routine is kept the same. Horses don't like changes. We are careful not to make the training gruelling or dull.

"Ben is easy to work with, but I had one fellow who detested doing anything between 9 a.m. and noon. He behaved abominably if you tried to do anything with him during this period, but after noon he was a lamb. We respected his whim and

and put to bed. He has supper at 5 p.m., followed by a light snack of hay and water at 7 p.m. And so to sleep.

"This goes on every day except Sunday. Do the horses know when it's Sunday? They all sleep in, and loll about.

"The training is continued right up to when the horse goes to Melbourne, about two weeks before the Cup.

"All my horses love the trip to Melbourne, and they are very fond of Melbourne itself."



WITH PLENTY IN RESERVE Benvolo, at the climax of his training period, stretches out for the sprint home at the end of a distance race.



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this summer



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LIPSTICK AND HARMONIZING ROUGE

Summer is here with its fascinating hats . . . its light, lovely clothes . . . and Lournay's 'Bright Red'!

Choose 'Bright Red' Lipstick

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brightest red, the rightest red,

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attraction. With Lournay's

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Powder Base, here's your perfect

summer make-up!

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Plan Your Parties!

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For complete and detailed plans of
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Shrug off your troubles and join in the fun! There's something fascinating round every corner . . . like Tootal's enchanting fabrics —so gay, so colourful, that just to look at them puts you on top of the world . . .

But Tootal fabrics are more than just lovely spell-binders; they are good friends—as adaptable as they are beautiful, and just as long-lasting. There's a fabric to suit every fashion-style, from the sleek tailored formal and the softly-draped 'occasional' to the flower-fresh gossamer for a very special date.

And for the younger set there's a whole range of pretty prints and plains as lively and gay as childhood itself. All Tootal fabrics launder superbly—many are marked 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance.

Ask your retailer to show you some . . .

TOOTAL

GUARANTEED

FABRICS

The words 'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks



WHITE crinkled chiffon makes the dress to be worn at Cup by Miss Angela Cass. Pink rose at neckline matches rose on her leg-horn hat. Miss Cass is a solicitor.



COCKTAIL frock of grey-and-gold striped faille, with a small hat to match, has been chosen by Mrs. Richard Faulkner for Cup parties. She will wear black accessories.

Chosen for the races



SISTERS Carolyn (left) and Beverly Buxton both have lightweight wool frocks and jackets for Cup. Carolyn's is cinnamon, worn with a flower-trimmed dark-green hat. Beverly's ensemble is cinnamon. Their mother is racehorse-owner Mrs. L. R. Buxton.



DUSTERCOAT of black grosgrain lined with black polka-dotted silk, a Jacques Fath model chosen by Miss Sheila Scotter. Beneath it she wears a strapless white frock and jacket.



"You're wonderful!"

Susan Hayward as she co-stars with Dana Andrews in the Samuel Goldwyn production "My Foolish Heart."

"I'm a Lux Girl" says SUSAN HAYWARD

"Daily active-lather facials bring quick new loveliness," says Susan Hayward. Tests support Susan's statement. They have proved that, with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time.

"I love the big, new bath size Lux Toilet Soap," adds Susan. Buy this economical new tablet tomorrow, and, every night, take a luxurious beauty bath with the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap.



9 out of every 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier

For a fragrant beauty bath get the big BATH SIZE

● Should Cup Day turn chilly, this black-and-white check double-breasted refter jacket will be warm and smart over almost any suit. The pulled-up collar, lined with black velvet, a gay colored knot of chiffon at the throat, and black accessories complete ensemble.

Perfect...



● For a windy day a suit is always ideal and a tiny hat held on with an under-the-chin veil the most comfortable. The suit, strictly tailored, featuring a new, wide, low-cut collar, is done in a glowing cherry-red fine lightweight gabardine. It can be covered with the topper or topcoat.

● For a still, hot summer day yellow printed chiffon, finely pleated from neck to hemline, makes a dress with a very slim silhouette, left. Cord at neckline and sleeves and the low shaped hip-belt are in black velvet. All black accessories go with the black cartwheel hat.

● Aqua shantung is used for this lovely summer dress, right, which has three-tiered collar. This folds round the shoulders framing a wide neckline. The slim skirt has controlled pleats to one side and a soft chiffon sash matching two chiffon roses poised high at the neck.

for the Cup



● Camelhair coat in pale misted mauve-grey, made with a great bulky collar and sleeves with heavy cuffs. It is lined with matching satin the exact color of the cocktail dress beneath — a luxury coat to wear anywhere at any time of day or night.

● Cocktail or short dinner dress, second from left, made of the same pale misted mauve-grey satin which lines the topcoat. It is a simple sheath dress with a flattering off-the-shoulder draped neckline.



● Rich satin in the new champagne color for a topless sheath dress over which is worn a jacket encrusted heavily with pearl embroidery. It fastens and is cut low at the back, and is perfect for after race parties.

● The same sheath dress with the jacket removed, and showing the beautifully embroidered top, and the addition of a dramatically full over-skirt of layers and layers of flame-shaded tulle makes it an elegant ball gown.

Re-style your face
to instant glamor with a

1 Minute Mask

Tonight—before you go out—whenever you want to look your very loveliest—smooth on a silken 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

First—Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Instantly—The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

Then—After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion looks radiant! Clearer, silkier, more velvety smooth!

A perfect powder base, too!



Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt Jr.

one of America's most popular young society matrons, says: "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a delightful way to refresh my skin before an important evening. It brightens my skin so quickly. Gives it a new smoothness that's wonderful for make-up."

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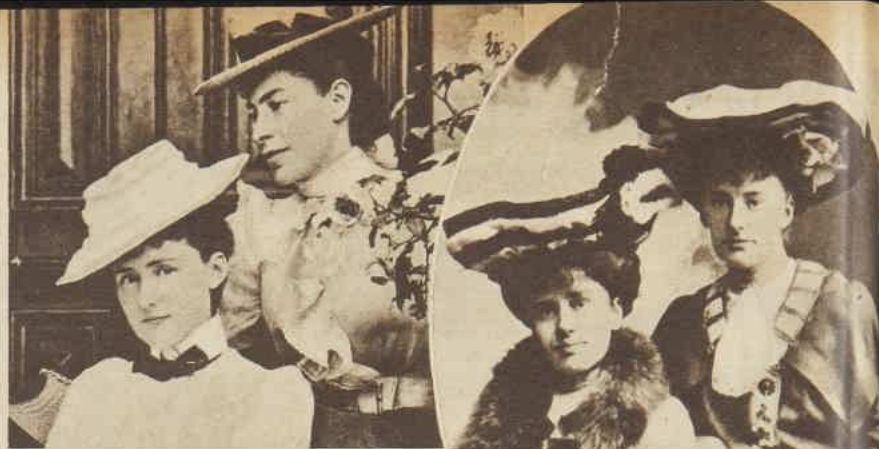
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Cleansing Tissues



From all Chemists.

- ☆ For removing cosmetics
 - ☆ Gentle on babies soft skin
 - ☆ Use as a handkerchief
 - ☆ To mop up splashes
- and 101 other uses.



1897 The late Miss Ernestine Stevenson (left) wore a gem sailor. Her companion, Mlle Aimer, wore a boater with beribboned crown.

HAT History

1902 Hats worn by Miss Linda Moore (left) and sister, Mrs. Gordon, were styled by Queen Victoria's milliner.

Hats mean as much as horses to women at the Cup. Here are some from the past.



1909 Edwardian version of the cocktail hat worn by Miss Rita Kiddle, now Lady Macgeagh, of London, at Cup Week moonlight garden party was trimmed with lace under brim to match blouse.



1910 Artificial oranges trimming the hat worn by noted hostess and fashion leader Mrs. George Landale were talk of Flemington. Mrs. Landale is talking to former N.S.W. Premier Sir George Reid.



1911 Teenager Miss Lily Bell wore a black satin straw lined with tulle and topped with black ostrich feather.

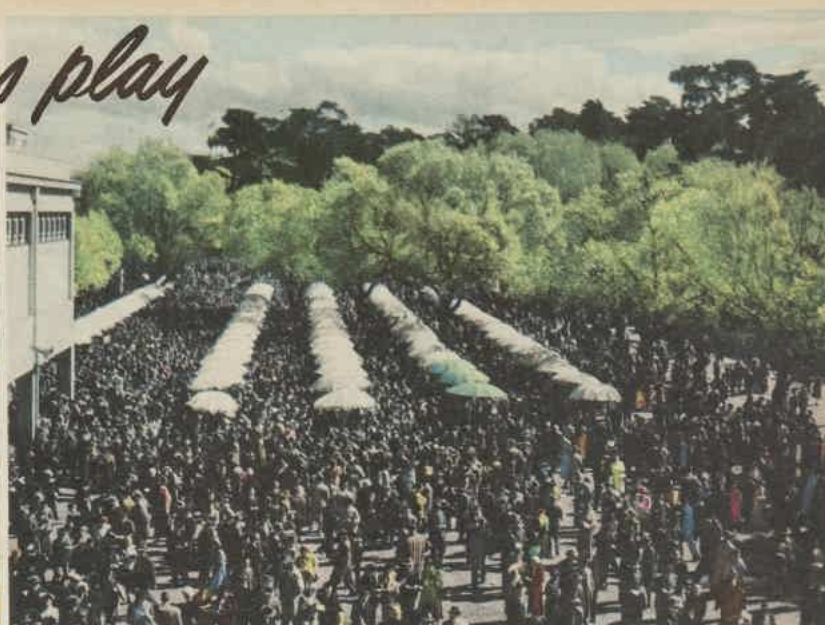
1927 Feathers and sunshades were the vogue when Mr. and Mrs. Alec Kelly (left) joined Mr. and Mrs. Bruce.

They work while others play



● Behind the carnival scenes at Flemington on Melbourne Cup Day are hundreds of workers who are too busy to see Australia's finest horses compete in front of tens of thousands in most exciting race of year.

STAFF OF 500 operate nine totalisators containing 140 selling machines on Cup Day. Bets made on every part of the course are registered on a big central machine.



BETTING RING in Paddock, under elms behind members' stand, is colorful section of historic course. On Cup Day 334 bookmakers operate in five betting rings. They hire their umbrellas at £1 a day.



HEAD GARDENER, Mr. Arthur Williams, waters some of the 600 pots of cinerarias that decorate committee rooms, members' stand, ladies' tote.



THOUSANDS OF MEALS are prepared in huge kitchens under the supervision of catering manager, Mr. Fergie Young (right), and top chef Carvin Sherley. They roast turkeys eight at a time.



TOTALISATOR STAFF reading investments total (above). At right, catering manageress, Mrs. Elsie Ferguson, with Miss Esme Flanagan. More than 100 gallons of cordials are drunk here on Cup Day.



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No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a new silken sheen.

Reveal the natural beauty of your hair with **NEW**

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LIQUID SHAMPOO



NEW "WONDER-FOAM" LATHER
leaves hair clean—full of sheen

Here is a new kind of liquid shampoo with a new kind of lather—"WONDER-FOAM". "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo bursts into millions of tiny bubbles which penetrate so thoroughly, so gently. Now you can really clean away every speck of dirt and dandruff from your scalp as well as your hair.

No special rinses needed! "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed. It contains no soap or greasy oil, so cannot leave a dulling film over your hair. Perfect for normal, oily or dry hair.

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Thrilling new highlights. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair clean, full of sheen . . . glistening and gleaming with thrilling new highlights. And does it the first time you use it.

Hair sets easier . . . Curls last longer. Your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier". Curls last and last, while every hair gleams with a new silken sheen.

NEW!



PRICE 3/- PER BOTTLE



COUNTRY VISITOR Mrs. J. A. Tallis, of Boorinda, Dookie, Victoria (left), planning her Melbourne Cup frocks with Miss Lilian Wightman, of Le Louvre, exclusive Collins Street salon, which has dressed smart Melbourne women for the past 25 years.

Rush to finish frock orders

Elaborate designs for Cup keep dressmakers working overtime

By **MARY COLES**,
staff reporter

Three months' top-pressure work in Melbourne dressmaking and millinery salons will reach its climax on the last week-end before the Cup, when many work-rooms will remain open to finish orders for delivery on Cup Eve.

MELBOURNE'S notoriously uncertain weather causes many women to choose two race day outfits and decide at the last minute which to wear.

Most fashionable women buy at least three dresses to wear at Flemington and at Cup parties. Model evening gowns at £150 and race frocks at £100 are sold, but most well-to-do racegoers pay from £30 to £50 a dress.

The high price of Australian-made clothes results partly from heavy duty on imported materials and trimmings and partly from the above-award wages and overtime paid to skilled staffs.

Not since Edwardian days has there been so much beading and fine handwork on clothes.

At La Petite, a fashionable Collins Street salon, the beading on one evening gown took three months with 50 hours work each week.

Mrs. Neil Rogers, of this salon, will wear to the Cup a white heavy linen strapless frock and duster coat which is trimmed with drawn-thread representing 85 hours' work.

Farther up Collins Street the plane trees with their new foliage cast shadows over the gilt-lettered sign of Le Louvre, select establishment which has dressed wealthy Australian women for 25 years.

Although Le Louvre, with its gilt mirrors, grey carpeting, and dis-

creet pieces of walnut furniture, has an unhurried air—there's never anything more on view than a few rolls of imported materials—the work-rooms upstairs present a vastly different picture.

Gowns by Jacques Fath, Christian Dior, and other noted French fashion houses are being altered slightly here and there to fit customers, while Australian copy models of other original French frocks are being made for others.

Downstairs Miss Lilian Wightman pours tea from a fine English china pot and discusses modern and medieval art with customers waiting for fittings.

When I asked Miss Wightman how much the average Le Louvre gown would cost she shrugged her shoulders and replied, "I just adore dressing elegant women."

One of the problems that smart fashion houses share with the home dressmaker is to avoid duplication of frocks among friends.

Most women don't mind a great deal if the styles they select are repeated outside their own particular circle. But they are annoyed if they meet a friend in the same model.

One Melbourne woman has supplied her dressmaker with the names of her women friends to ensure that she won't meet her twin at a party.

Many exclusive salons keep records describing the frocks sold to their customers to guard against this.

Sometimes when one frock has



IN WORKROOM of La Petite Melbourne, Mrs. Neil Rogers (left) checking work on Cup clothes being made by machinists Maureen O'Brien and Margaret Dane.



DERBY EVE ball gown being tried on by Mrs. Bruce Wenzel at Magg frock salon at Toorak. Salesgirl Joan Fullard explains that skirt of beige net is detachable from bodice of coarse black French lace, which can also be worn with a short black suit for informal wear.

been sold to a fashionable woman, other frocks of similar material and design are reserved for sale to customers living in other States.

Fashion houses report a wide demand this year for "separates," pencil slim skirts, tailored jackets, and strapless blouses. For after-race parties the jackets are removed.

Thus the outfit serves two purposes, but the economy seems to re-ek late mainly to time saved in changing. I saw several beautiful strapless blouses for sale at as much as 18 guineas.

Stores that sell a wide range of lower-priced clothes report that many business girls and married women with husbands on moderate incomes spend from £15 to £25 on Cup outfits.



DESIGNER Dotti Loughlin draping shantung on Mrs. Theo Scales before making her a tailored suit to wear for the Cup.



NEW AUSTRALIAN Marina Pfeiffer, on the staff of Magg at Toorak, doing handwork at home at night to cope with the Cup rush. She came to Australia from Paris 18 months ago. Her father was a captain in the Imperial Russian Army before the Revolution.

You'll smile your way through Washday



...after a good, sound sleep

... thanks to
BOURN-VITA

Wash day holds no challenge when your body is rested, your nerves relaxed. A cup of Bourn-vita before bed acts while you're asleep, encouraging that deep sleep that rests you completely; building energy for tomorrow. Try a cup of Bourn-vita halfway through the morning—it helps ward-off fatigue.

Bourn-vita is a food—as well as a delicious drink, choicful of natural goodness, barley malt, eggs, full cream dairy milk, and chocolate, it builds health while you sleep. Bourn-vita is your tastiest way to gain the additional vitamins and minerals your body needs.

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"With one easy application
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DANTE: Italy's national poet

● It is difficult to take Dante Alighieri down from his high pedestal, brush the venerable dust from his magnificent, forbidding face, and find what manner of man he was. It is even more difficult to discern what kind of flesh and blood was Beatrice Portinari, the woman whom he scarcely knew, but whom he loved into immortality.

DANTE'S world of 13th-century Italy seems so remote to us, his scholastic philosophy so foreign, his notions of natural science so quaint. Even the story of his adoration of Beatrice seems other-worldly to practical, modern minds.

He told the story of this love in songs and sonnets which he gathered into his "Vita Nuova" (New Life). They range from the first rather conventional outpourings of adolescence to the passionate and tender poems he wrote after Beatrice died at the age of 24.

Dante had determined to write of Beatrice "what hath not before been written of any woman." He did so in the masterpiece of his maturity.

Dante called this epic "Commedia," but it is a comedy only in the sense that it is "action moving towards a happy ending." Three centuries after it was written the work was acclaimed as "Divina Commedia" (Divine Comedy).

The Commedia describes his imaginary journey through "the world of souls"—Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. He reserves for Beatrice the office of guide through mounting degrees of heavenly happiness.

Taking him upward, she leads him "from star to star" to the hierarchy of angels guarding the Deity until for one overwhelming moment he is granted an intuitive vision of the glory and mystery of God.

It might be calculated almost with mathematical precision that the average 20th-century reader who opened the Commedia would bog down about the middle of the 13th Canto of Hell.

Yet the Commedia raised Italian to the dignity of a literary language; it made Dante Italy's national poet and one of the world's greatest, ranked only with Shakespeare and Homer.

To understand Dante at all we must enter his world. He could have occurred at no other epoch of the world's history.

He was born at Florence, his "great city on fair Arno's banks," in May, 1265, when the Middle Ages had reached their climax.

It was an age of great men, of free thought and free speech. The splendours of medieval Catholicism had not yet been overshadowed by the Renaissance, and men lived by a philosophy keyed to faith.

His Christian name is short for Durante, "the enduring one."

His father, a notary or solicitor, belonged to the upper middle classes. The father married twice. Dante was the only child of the first marriage, but he had two half-sisters and a half-brother.

Dante's youth remains shadowy, but he was obviously an assiduous student. All that is reliably known of it was told by Dante himself.

He first met Beatrice when he was nine and she about 12 months his junior.

According to one biographer the



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE BUST of the famous poet Dante, who ranks in literature with Shakespeare and Homer.

After this meeting the youthful lover was so overcome that he rushed home and wrote his first sonnet. He dedicated it to "every gentle heart," and lauded Beatrice as his "glorious lady of the mind."

Dante sent this sonnet to the poets' circle of Florence, and was welcomed in their midst.

Dante was so jealous of his secret passion, so afraid in the early stages that his love for Beatrice would be profaned by the idle tongues, that he pretended his devotion was centred on another woman.

To preserve this fiction, he wrote a few slight songs to the second girl. Inconveniently, she moved to another city. Dante had to write a sonnet expressing his desolation, mourn her loss for a suitable period, and then find another woman to screen the direction of his true feelings.

He did so all too successfully. Gossip got back to Beatrice, who evidently felt she had some sort of priority on his affections. The next time they met, she snubbed him.

Dante was no longer a boy. He had done his army training, had possibly seen action. But the snub from Beatrice sent him home to weep himself to sleep "like a beaten, sobbing little child."

They met only once again. This was at a wedding, possibly Beatrice's, for in 1287, at the age of 21, she married Simone de' Bardi, a young banker, the earthbound antithesis of a poet. Three years later she died.

In 1292, Dante resolved not to write any more about Beatrice until by a long period of study and thought he had made himself worthy of the task.

Fortunately for his resolve, he had an almost ecstatic delight in study. He could spend a whole day with a book in a room full of people and remain undisturbed.

Continued on page 42

POETS in PRIVATE

meeting occurred when his parents took him to a May Day reception at her father's house.

Years later Dante recalled that she had seemed "like a little angel," and he admitted that from then on he "never completely recovered his soul."

He even remembered the dress she had worn, "of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited her very tender age."

After nine long years of waiting, Dante saw Beatrice in the street one day. She was walking with two other women when he saw them coming in his direction. He stopped, and as Beatrice passed, she greeted him and bowed.

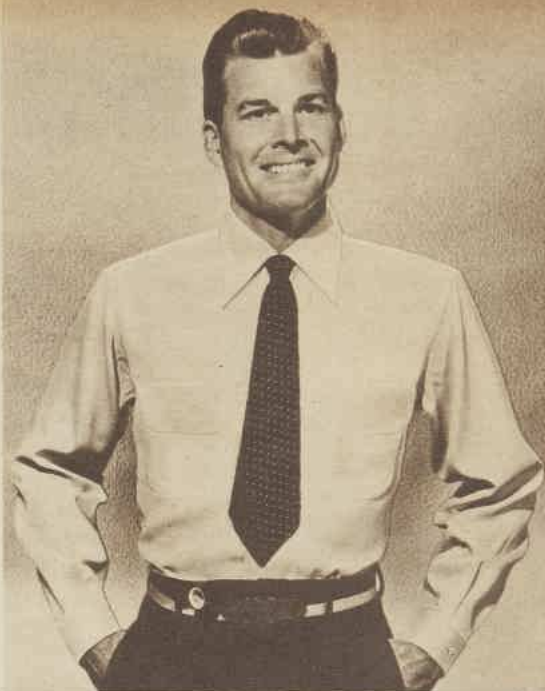
"By her unpeaking courtesy, she saluted me with so courteous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness," he chronicled.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 4, 1950



Shirts worn with pride

Country Club leadership in style and tailoring now comes to you with a refreshing range of tasteful new colours. Leisure shirts in luxurious fabrics, loomed for Country Club, pre-shrunk and wash-tested. No wonder this is the most copied shirt. Guaranteed, of course.

Look for the label—insist on the genuine

Country Club Tailored by Buckwalter
with the **NEATLINE** collar
STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA



Men who are always tired and irritable, nervy, "edgy" and difficult to live with may well be suffering from "mineral starvation"—due to faulty diet, hurried meals, nerve strain and overwork. These "run-down" men need Bidomak—a scientific combination of minerals essential for robust health and nerve strength. Bidomak provides essential iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, copper and manganese, quickly builds rich red blood, nourishes nerves and brain, strengthens tissues throughout the body.

★ Bidomak will give a great improvement within 14 days or money-back guarantee. Get a bottle to-day from your nearest chemist or store.

A NEW MAN!
"I lost over 2 stone in weight and my nerves were in a terrible state. I tried taking Bidomak. After taking only 2 bottles I am a new man and in the best of condition."—Mr. F.R.

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The Tonic of the Century
FOR NERVES, BRAIN &
THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

BLAZO

This Summer! A
figure-flattering

Ganta

DAZZLING FABRIC
COLOR CONTRAST
SHORTS, BERMUDA



Shirt: Crease-resisting spun rayon tailored to this classic little shirt-maker. 7 colors. **Shorts:** Imported Moygashel cut with straight, sleek lines. 8 colors.

Page 40



Shirt: Crease-resisting spun rayon gives you plunging neckline, softly-curved shoulders. 7 colors. **Midways:** Imported Moygashel in this young, carefree style. 7 colors.

Shirt: Tailored for clever double duty. With shorts it's sporty; or to the office with a skirt. "Iris" print on fawn, lime or blue. **Slacks:** Moygashel "Cromer" rayon. Beautifully tailored. 7 colors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 4, 1950

complete range of
g wizardry from

Jantzen

FABRICS IN SWIMSUITS! ENDLESS
VARIATIONS BETWEEN JANTZEN SHIRTS,
MUDAS, MIDWAYS AND SLACKS.



"Too-too:" ... imported "Satin-Lastex" — the miracle fabric for slimming lines. Has the wonderful new Stay Bra. N.B. the subtle, slimming effect of the V-waist. 5 colors.

"Dainty Miss:" The plunge-neckline swimsuit of beautiful Velva-sheen — rayon for glamor, cotton for strength, "Lastex" for figure-wizardry. 1/4-front skirt to mould your hips. 6 colors.

"Delightful" ... vivacious exotic Satin Sleek, figure-moulding fabric that is Jantzen's own. Flattering uplift bra. U-shaped back. T other glorious designs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1950

Page

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You're so utterly sure of yourself . . . wonderfully carefree and confident . . . once you discover Kotex. Comfortable Kotex is made in soft folds that actually *stay* soft. It's designed to protect you, too, with its exclusive "safety centre" that gives you an *extra* margin of protection. And who can appreciate better than you those *flat* pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines? Yes, you can depend upon comfort . . .

with
Kotex



Make the most of Kotex comfort

by choosing a washable, adaptable, all-elastic Kotex Belt? Wonderform Belt . . . perfect type with unbreakable tabs . . . 2/6. Wonderform Belt with safety pins, 2/6. Featherweight Belt, 1/3. Back again . . . Quest Deodorant Powder, 2/9.

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Alka-Seltzer gives you the quick relief you want PLUS the alkaliizer you need when overeating causes excess gastric acidity. Drop one or two tablets in a glass of water—watch it fizz, then drink it down. It's reliable First Aid. Pleasant-tasting. Not a laxative. Alka-Seltzer makes you feel fine fast. Keep a package handy.

GENUINE IMPORTED
Tubes of 12 & 30 tablets
At all Chemists
and Stores



Alka-Seltzer

Dante Alighieri

Continued from page 39

HE admitted: "By overtaking the eyes in my passion for books, I so weakened my sight that the stars seemed blurred in a kind of mist."

A few years after Beatrice's death, Dante wrote several sonnets in honor of "a noble lady, young and beautiful," whom he saw standing at a window.

"All pity seemed gathered in her," he said, and he decided that "a lady so compassionate I could surely love with a most perfect love." Presumably this was the woman about whom Beatrice rebukes him in the *Commedia*.

Sometime between 1291 and 1296 Dante married Gemma Donati, daughter of an upper-class Florentine family. According to the garrulous Boccaccio, Dante's biographer and near-contemporary, the marriage was brought about by the manoeuvring of friends and was not happy.

Boccaccio retails all sorts of gossip to illustrate his point that Dante was proud, scornful of his family, and "given to lechery." Boccaccio then lets everyone down by admitting: "I don't say these things really happened, because I don't know."

Most practical-minded, modern people would consider that Gemma, not Beatrice, was the heroine of Dante's life.

Imagine living with a man whose thoughts were always on another woman! Imagine trying to live up to the dead, idealised Beatrice!

Dante himself evidently suffered under the petty pinpricks of married life. He had to "bear with the talk of women and sit in the presence of the vulgar herd." Gemma, moreover, was jealous, and he once described her as "my wife of savage temper."

Even so, when later he was banished from Florence he spoke of having to abandon "everything beloved most dearly."

There were four children—Pietro, Jacopo, Beatrice, and Antonia.

The married Dante took an active part in thorny Florentine politics. After attaining office in one of the most important guilds he stepped into public office as a member of the magistracy.

This involved him in faction fights which were complicated by an international struggle for dominance in Italy.

With the temporary triumph of the French in Florence, Dante and others were fined and banished from Tuscany for two years on trumped-up charges of corruption.

A few months later, in his absence at Siena, he was condemned to be burned alive if he should ever come within the power of the republic.

None of Dante's biographers has any doubt of his innocence.

He never again returned to Florence, but spent the remaining 20 years of his life wandering from place to place in Europe—possibly as far as Paris—mostly staying in various parts of Italy under the protection of aristocratic patrons.

As he said bitterly, he learned "how full of salt is the taste of other people's bread, how steep their stairs."

In 1315 a general recall of exiles gave him an opportunity to return to Florence on condition that he and the others should pay a fine and do penance.

The condition made Dante's gall rise. In a letter rejecting the offer he asked scornfully: "Is this the glorious recall . . . Is this the reward . . . Can I not everywhere

gaze upon the sun and the stars without rendering myself inglorious, nay, ignominious . . . ?"

Dante's first work in exile was "il Convivio" (the Banquet). He studied more and more his native Tuscan tongue, and was increasingly convinced that it was as suitable as Latin for literature, if not more so.

Then, "half-way through the pilgrimage of human life," as he says on the opening page of the *Commedia*, lost in "a dark wood," assaulted by the three beasts of Pride, Greed, and Lust, he began his life's task.

The inspiration for the *Commedia* must have been with Dante from Beatrice's death, but he did not begin the serious writing of it until perhaps 1313.

It was not written without tremendous effort. "He put it aside, sometimes for months, again for years, unable to accomplish anything on it," Boccaccio wrote.

In his own day the story of the work made the superstitious tremble. Peasants, so it is said, accepted the imaginary journey as a real one and shrank from him in the streets, believing he had the power of visiting Hell whenever he felt like it.

This, they thought, accounted for his brown skin and crisp hair.

But Dante conceives Hell not as a place of heat, but of terrifying cold, a vast conical abyss converging by terraced circles to the centre of the earth. Above its gates is the warning: *All hope abandon ye who enter here.*

With Virgil as his guide, Dante travels to the very bottom of the pit where Lucifer is fixed in ice, clamping a sinner in each of his three vast jaws, the wind from his colossal wings freezing everything it touches.

Since every soul is punished according to its sin, the evil and torments increase with the descent. Towards the top are the idle and selfish, the moral pagans of ancient days, and guilty

lovers. Dante finds pity for all sinners, except the perpetrators of fraud and the betrayers. When he speaks of these—at whose hands he had suffered in Florence—his attitude changes to hatred. For them he reserves loathsome, unspeakable torments at the lowest abyss.

Virgil later takes him through Purgatory. Then Beatrice, descending from her home in the Ninth Heaven, waits for him behind a wall of fire at the top of Purgatory.

The flame causes Dante to shrink back, but at Virgil's word that Beatrice is waiting beyond, Dante leaps through it.

The *Commedia* climaxes with the vision of God's infinite goodness, and ends in lines of noble submission.

Dante subsequently wrote referring to the *Commedia*: "The purpose of the poem is to lead those who are living in this life from misery to a state of happiness."

Towards 1320 Dante retired to Ravenna under the protection of the local prince. He died there of a fever in 1321, aged 56, after fulfilling a diplomatic mission for his patron.

• Books about Dante include "Dante Alighieri," by Gerald Walsh; "Dante," by H. D. Sedgwick; "New Light on the Youth of Dante," by G. Leigh; and "Life of Dante Alighieri," by C. A. Dinmore.

Interesting People



MR. LAURENCE LE GUAY

. . . taught himself

LEADING Australian fashion and illustrative photographer Laurence Le Guay returned recently from a business trip to Europe. Taught himself photography when a youngster. Spent six months as official photographer in Antarctic with the Wyatt Earp in 1948, and later many months in Gulf country, Northern Territory, with Australian Geographic Expedition. Says there is a great future for commercial photography in this country. Visited Switzerland, France, Italy, Spain, and England studying fashion work this year.



MISS JEAN GARSIDE

. . . helping the children

PRETTY brunette Jean Garside, who has been secretary of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children for 11 years, spends her spare time with the Orana Clubs, which she founded in Sydney as social clubs for crippled boys and girls over 15. Is secretary of three public hospitals for crippled children, and of the Advisory Council for the Physically Handicapped. Says her work is satisfying, especially when she sees tiny cripples blossom into happy self-supporting citizens with full-time jobs. Plays golf and likes fancy work for relaxation.



MR. HUGH D. SIMPSON

. . . schools sailors

AFTER 27 years' teaching in R.A.N., Mr. Hugh Denney Simpson retires from Naval College, Flinders, where he has been Director of Naval Studies since 1941. Graduated with honors in Arts and Science from Adelaide University, and later became headmaster of Dookie Agricultural College, Victoria. Transferred from teaching farmers to schooling sailors in 1923, when became attached to R.A.N. College, Jervis Bay. Later taught at Flinders Naval College. Very fond of music, he plays the flute, and is a keen golfer and rifle shot.



*Wishing you
"White" Xmas
and a Restful
New Year*

THIS YEAR give something practical . . . something that will give for many Christmases to come — comfort, quality and enduring service. Give Actil Guaranteed Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases — attractively boxed for hygienic cleanliness.



ACT 30



GUARANTEE: Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1950

Page

SYMPATHY and POWER!

IN TABLET FORM —



THE GREAT SOOTHER

that does so much and COSTS so little

No one can estimate the worth of 'ASPRO' in terms of money. Its cost is trifling — its service great! The way to judge 'ASPRO' is by the happiness and comfort it brings and by the world-wide esteem in which it is held. Why does 'ASPRO' hold such a high place in public confidence? . . . simply because it is a medicine which never fails to live up to its claims.

'ASPRO' has the POWER to relieve a host of ills that come to all from the tiny tot to the oldest. Aches and pains, headaches, feverishness, irritability, nerviness, the discomforts of colds and 'flu — in all these conditions the faithful 'ASPRO' tablets act with effectiveness. It is one medicine with many, many uses — a definite MUST in every household.

Constant Friend and Comfort to MAN, WOMAN and CHILD!

Two mothers tell their experiences —

FROM N.S.W.:-

Mrs. N. A. Kindness, of 48 Ramsgate Road, Ramsgate, writes:—Dear Sirs: I am a mother of three children, and must keep my house going through all seasons. At the first sign of a cold or 'flu attack I get in early with 'Aspro,' both for the children and myself. I know it is very safe for children, and it is just amazing how quickly our colds seem to clear up. I would not be without 'Aspro,' and every mother should keep it in the home.

FROM SOUTH AUST.:-

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of 14 Ross Street, Flinders Park, writes:—

At the sign of any pain, such as headaches, neuralgia, sleeplessness or any nerve pains, both myself and all my family immediately take 'Aspro.'

I have tried all other pain relievers, and find 'Aspro' is the best of all.

I can thoroughly recommend 'Aspro' to any sufferers of the ailments I mentioned. You may use this as you desire.

'ASPRO' FOR CHILDREN:

Children suffer from so many feverish complaints that 'Aspro,' which reduces temperature, is especially valuable to them. 'Aspro' quickly soothes away toothache, earache, and other pains and is safe! Doses for children shown on every packet.

2 'ASPRO' tablets with
your cup of tea
for HEADACHE
and NERVINESS



Swift, Certain **SAFE** for—

Colds and 'Flu
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Toothache
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Neuritis
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Earache



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Does not harm
HEART or
STOMACH

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That clear, smooth PEARS skin

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have it...



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has it...



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The simplest beauty routine in the world — just water and milk, pure Pears — will give you that clear, smooth Pears skin. No wonder Pears soap is a tradition with beautiful brides like Mrs. Peter Merrett (the former Valma Tait) of East Kew, Melbourne. Vic., pictured here on her wedding day. From the moment you breathe the gentle fragrance of fine ingredients patiently matured you know that Pears is different from all other soaps.



Mrs. Peter Merrett, (the former Miss Valma Tait) of East Kew, Melbourne, Vic., a happy Pears Bride.

FROM CLEAR, PURE PEARS SOAP...
A CLEAR, SMOOTH PEARS SKIN

Pears

Ph. 9.21023

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): You can make this a good money week if you get busy before the week-end. Your least prosperous days are November 4 to 6, when it may be advisable to watch expenses or anything that carries a risk.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A splendid week to win the assistance and co-operation of others, with romance and marriage very well aspected from November 1 to 4. Many happy surprises are in store for you just now.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): November 1 and 2 are splendid days to improve your job, seek a rise, press for business advantages, sign contracts, and be active, energetic, and industrious generally.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your fortunate days are November 1 to 5. Try not to miss any opportunities on these days. They favor all affairs close to your heart, with emphasis on finance, new enterprise, and romantic interludes.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Get busy this week with all things that pertain to relatives and home affairs.

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As I Read the STARS

By **WYNNE TURNER**

especially from November 1 to 3. Sudden benefits and unexpected events will give you scope for more activity than usual.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): November 1 to 3 are excellent days to inspire you with new ideas, which if followed up could improve your prospects in many ways. However, use care on November 4, regarding health and personal affairs.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): An interesting and vital week is ahead for your financial and material affairs. New resources could open and unexpected gains occur. Your beneficial days are November 1 to 4.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Many sudden and interesting events mark the next few days, with opportunities to enter new schemes and fresh undertakings. Push all plans until Saturday, then go warily on that day.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): November 1 to 3 are your lucky days this week and November 4 to 7 rather adverse. Move slowly and cautiously on these latter days, avoiding strife, strain, and unnecessary moving about.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Bright and happy aspects surround the next few days, especially where friends or new contacts are concerned, although a little care may be needed on November 4 and 6 to avoid misunderstandings.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A good week to achieve some of your ambitions, with your best days November 1 to 4. Unexpected opportunities and recognition should help you to stabilise many of your business and social plans.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A splendid week to expand your intellectual and social life, also to make important moves, especially where you have to write, study, travel, or debate. Choose November 1 to 3 for success.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



"DRI-GLO" Naps... for Baby's Comfort

"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton — beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent, hygienic — goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warped yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

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Larger, evenly lit, unbreakable perspex dial

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MODEL L6 MANTEL RADIO

The set with amazing performance that will be used where a 4-valve receiver has never been used before... smart cabiner styling... dial easier to read, much larger, all local stations included in bigger letters... On-Off Switch... 5 in. P.M. speaker acoustically matched to cabinet... Model L6ME 4-valve, medium wave, A.C. operation, Walnut, Burgundy, £17/17/- (Ivory 10/6 extra)

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SUCCESS!

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Personal Portable... smart plastic case... weighs only 5 lbs... miniature valves... walnut, burgundy or ivory. From £19/15/8.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Looking for **THE KING OF MARVEL:** Fly into an invisible obstacle. On landing, they feel their way along it. It seems like a glass wall. They find

an opening and crawl through. Reaching the lower slopes of the amazing Crystal Peak, they suddenly find themselves whizzing up the mountain. "It's an invisible escalator," cries Narda. At the top there is a bare plateau. They are completely mystified. **NOW READ ON:**



AS THEY MOVE ALONG THE PEAK'S TOP THEY SEE NOTHING. BUT THEY MEET MORE INVISIBLE BARRIERS, INVISIBLE GATEWAYS AND ENTRANCES—



NOTHING SEEMS TO GROW OR LIVE IN THIS SILENT CRYSTAL LAND. BUT NOW THEY BUMP AND TRIP AND STUMBLE OVER INVISIBLE OBJECTS—OH! CRIES NARDA, AS SHE FALLS HARD.



COMPLETELY BEWILDERED AND DAZED BY THIS STRANGE PLACE, THEY ARE STUNNED TO HEAR ROARS OF LAUGHTER ALL ABOUT THEM—AS THOUGH FROM THOUSANDS OF INVISIBLE THROATS!



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR SEEM TO STAND IN EMPTY AIR. "SOME SORT OF PLATFORM," SAYS MANDRAKE, AS THE ROARING LAUGHTER CONTINUES.



"WE'RE STANDING ON SOMETHING," BEGINS NARDA. THEN—"MANDRAKE! ARE MY EYES GOING BAD? YOU ARE STARTING TO FADE!"—"SO ARE YOU AND LOTHAR! LET'S HOLD HANDS," CRIES MANDRAKE.



SUDDENLY, THEY ARE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE TO ONE ANOTHER—AND TO THEMSELVES!



MANDRAKE—SOMETHING'S TOUCHING MY NOSE—FEELS LIKE GLASSES— **ME, TOO—DON'T MOVE, NARDA—** **SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS VISIBLE! NARDA STARES INTO THE EYES OF A SMILING STRANGER—**



WEARING THE STRANGE GLASSES, THEY FIND THEMSELVES ON A STAGE—FACING A VAST, LAUGHING AUDIENCE! "THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING US! WE COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT THESE GLASSES!" CRIES MANDRAKE.



TO BE CONTINUED



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about you



Carry perfume in your handbag just as you do your lipstick, use it as often to keep you fragrantly lovely all day through.

Goya's lovely perfumes make the subtle difference between looking 'your best'—and being beautiful... for lighting Goya fragrances lend enchantment to everyday occasions... wearing them you feel—and are—alluring. That you may discover the glamour of wearing good perfumes all the time Goya presents his fragrances in tiny handbag phials at only 3/9 and in a Gift size at 90/- Perfumed Colognes to match Goya's perfumes 4/6.

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Sluggish kidneys can affect the health of the whole body. These vital organs have the never-ending task of expelling all those waste matters and impurities which, if left to settle in the system, often give rise to rheumatic conditions.

Start a course of the world-famous medicine specially made to restore kidneys to their normal healthy activities—De Witt's Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, cleansing and re-toning these vital organs until new health, new vim and vigour return. A glance through our files, full of glowing tributes, would convince you of the efficacy of this fine family medicine. Get a supply to-day. For economy's sake get the 5/9 size, it contains two and a half times the 3/- quantity.

DE WITT'S PILLS
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Gay as a Honolulu Holiday...



As gay and light-hearted as a holiday in Honolulu... as colorful as summer itself... and as smart on you as only a genuine COLE of California swimsuit or sunfrocks can be! That's the sensational new range of COLE originals that are appearing on Australian beaches... in leading stores everywhere... this year! Cut by world-famous American designer, Margit Fellegi, and featuring the famous COLE 'Magic Line', these brilliant new COLE of California models create an entirely new illusion of figure beauty... make you feel young in heart... put you in a gay holiday mood. Don't miss seeing them in town today!

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The COLE 'Magic Line' is the touch that makes every COLE creation outstandingly different... exclusively yours! A combination of skilful cutting and the patented Muletex process, each garment is literally sculptured to your figure, moulding it into smooth, luscious contours...

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 4, 1950



BLACKMAIL attempt by French agent Chauvelin at Palace ball, when he endeavors to force Lady Blakeney into revealing the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

EXTRAVAGANT FOP and gambler, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (below), played by actor Jack Hawkins, is a warm, spluttering, kindly man who is sometimes ridiculous, always regal.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 4, 1950

Scenes from The Scarlet Pimpernel

● The mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel, English aristocrat who rescued nobles from the guillotine in the French Revolution, has his adventures in technicolor in this production by Archers. David Niven, Margaret Leighton, and Irish actor Cyril Cusack fill the main roles.



DAWN START for Brighton by Sir Percy Blakeney (above) after a bet with the Prince of Wales. He intends to disappear to France and is unaware that his identity as Scarlet Pimpernel is known.

FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS of the Pimpernel gather on Mont St. Michel in disguise and capture soldiers of the French National Guard.



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Twin Sets



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(A) Single-Stone Diamond Ring £55
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(D) Single-Stone Diamond Ring £25
5-Stone Diamond Eternity £20
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All on 18-carat White or Yellow Gold and Platinum



King and Pitt Streets, Sydney



1 INTRODUCED to agency manager, Tom Caraway (Tom Ewell), by model Mary Ashby (Ann Dvorak), Lily James (Lana Turner) begins modelling.

2 POSING for leading illustrators, Lily soon rises to top in field with help of Mary, who sees her young self in Lily.



3 SOCIAL success follows. Lily is befriended by man-about-town Jim Leversoe (Louis Calhern), and meets Steve Harleigh (Ray Milland).



4 ATTRACTION grows between pair. He openly admits he is married, and news of Mary's suicide urges Lily to end affair.



5 SHOCK awaits Lily when Steve returns unexpectedly after visit to his crippled wife.

A LIFE OF HER OWN

FOR her return to the screen after a long absence, M.G.M. has given Lana Turner a screenplay in which she portrays a vital small-town girl who becomes a top-flight fashion model and cover-girl. The sophisticated drama will have strong appeal for adult filmgoers who also appreciate accomplished production.

Set against a background of to-day's model agency world, the film introduces leading fashion and beauty mannequins to screen audiences.

Also in the cast are Barry Sullivan and Jean Hagen.



6 WILD party thrown by Lily out of pique disgusts worried Steve, a late arrival on the scene.



7 VISIT to Steve's wife, Nora (Margaret Phillips), is made against advice of Jim Leversoe. Determined on show-down, Lily realises mistake, leaves without speaking.



8 UNHAPPY but resolute, Lily, remembering Mary, tells Steve they must part, decides to continue career.

Three Important Extras IN THE NEW IMPROVED MUM

NEW MUM is now creamier, softer than ever... New Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients... New Mum is gentle and harmless to the skin.
NEW MUM smooths on easily and is simple to apply... New Mum will not harm or discolour even the finest of fabrics.

NEW MUM has new perfume... a delightful flower fragrance created for Mum alone.

NEW MUM PROTECTS YOU BETTER... LONGER
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M.12-3



YOU need a Holiday!

Work and responsibility prevent many much needed holidays. When you're feeling run-down, nervy, tired, but just can't get away, do the next best thing—take WINCARNIS, the famous nerve and brain building tonic. WINCARNIS has proved a god-send to countless men and women unable to get away for a rest. Thousands of recommendations from the medical profession support its amazing nerve-strengthening and energy-restoring powers. Made from the choicest full-bodied wines, carefully blended, and special nourishing ingredients, WINCARNIS just can't help doing you good. Start taking it right away. Ask your Chemist for WINCARNIS... the Wine of Life.



CHOCOLATE ALMOND



VANILLA CARAMEL

MARZIPAN SANDWICH

ORANGE CREAM

Now an **Extra** chocolate
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TURKISH DELIGHT

ALMOND CROQUANTE



DENNY sat in her room at the hospital and brooded over it. Tom would give Anna away. Tom, wearing a formal suit—she had never seen him in anything except shabby tweeds and breeches and corduroys, country clothes.

Tom . . . "I shan't go," she decided aloud. "I can't go, I'm much too busy."

She was no longer the romantic girl who had been enchanted by the atmosphere of Moonrakers. She was once more the brilliant Denny Garland; the house job had materialised, she was the youngest house physician in London, she was an integral part of the life of the great hospital.

"Do you know, I had a wild idea about marrying Tom Lyon," she said to her father when the appointment came through. She waited for him to laugh, but he gave her a very level glance.

"You might have done worse than that," he commented.

"But, Father," Denny protested. "All my years of training—all the most utter waste if I married Tom."

"I wouldn't say waste," her father said thoughtfully. "What I mean is, you train for your profession—but at the same time you are training yourself for life. Even if you married Tom Lyon and never became a doctor, you would still be a more worthwhile person because of your training."

"But my career," said Denny, astonished and a little disconcerted.

"I don't know that a career is everything to a woman," said her father. "All right while you're young, but you'll get old—we all do—and you'll be lonely. I've seen some very lonely women. I hope you'll never regret not marrying Tom Lyon."

"Oh never!" Denny cried, more firmly than she felt. "Besides, I shall marry one day. I shall wait for the right person to come along. He'll be rich, and handsome, and probably a doctor, too, and I shall fall madly in love with him."

"As you fell in love with Tom," said her father.

"Oh, don't be silly," cried Denny, suddenly pink and furious.

For, of course, she had not been in love with Tom. But she had thought about him ever since, although, she had tried to tell herself, only the same way as she thought of Anna and Moonrakers.

But she hadn't made a mistake. She adored her work, she adored the hospital life, it was exciting, crowded, absorbing . . .

Perhaps not quite so exciting as she had once imagined it would be, not quite so absorbing, like any other ambition, in achievement it became just a little dull. And she wished that she could forget Tom.

There were plenty of other men, more brilliant, more important men—she met them every day of her life—but not one of them seemed to mean very much.

Well, forget it. Going to Moonrakers for the wedding would be no help. She flipped over the pages of her diary. Yes, busy, terribly busy . . .

Not that Dr. Addison wouldn't do the job if she asked him to, and actually she had a few days of leave due to her.

And, then, a little astonishingly, one day she found herself in the car heading westwards. It was as though some other girl had taken charge, this other girl had arranged things with Dr. Addison, and had dashed out and bought a stunning outfit.

In a few moments now she would be there, and what was she going to say to Tom?

They would say all the usual things. "Hello, how are you? How's the job?"—that sort of thing—and only that sort of thing. She did not think that Tom was a person who would give you a second chance.

Suddenly she was turning into the lane which led to Moonrakers. She could see feathers of smoke rising from the chimneys. There was a garden fire somewhere—that poignant smell of burning leaves.

Home . . . It was just like coming home. She had exactly the thrill of joy which she had known as a little girl coming home from boarding school.

There was a gate at the entrance to the farmyard.

But even as she slowed down the gate swung open before her, and as she stopped the car Tom was closing it.

"I've been looking out for you," he said.

She had been saying to herself, "When next I see him, it will all be different. Last time, everything was new, strange; he was part of the magic. This time I shall see that he is just an ordinary person and that will finish it once and for all."

But as they stood beside the car, he wasn't an ordinary person, he was just the one person in all the world who mattered at all. Balanced against him, her career was no more than a grain of dust.

He slid his arm through hers as though he understood, as though he had been with her through the months of mental struggle and confusion which had ended in this moment of realisation.

"Tea is ready, and Anna is waiting for you," he said. "But come into the barn for a moment first, I have your puppy there. I've been looking after him for you."

NO ray of sunshine this time, but there was the same warmth, the same dusty sweet smell of hay and straw—and a bundle of silk which rampaged ecstatically about their feet.

"The best of the litter," Tom said. "You can take him back with you. Unless . . ."

He paused—then he gave her the second chance. "Denny, have you changed your mind? I still love you, I still wish you would marry me."

Denny stammered, still fearing to accept her destiny. "But, Tom, do you know what you're doing? I shouldn't be the least bit of good, I don't know a thing about farming . . ."

He took her in his arms and she felt the hidden strength of that slim, straight body.

"Don't worry about the farming—I'll see to that." Then he added, with an unexpected burst of eloquence, "All I want is that you should be here—at Moonrakers with me—being beautiful, laughing—saying absurd things which I don't always understand. Denny . . ."

She hesitated just long enough to fling a thought towards the hospital. There would be times when she felt pangs of regret—you couldn't without a pang give up a lifetime's ambition.

People would say, "What happened to Denny Garland?" "Oh, didn't you hear? She married a farmer." And they would shrug and smile and soon she would be forgotten.

She sighed, just once, for that which could never be now, then she turned her face to the future which her heart had chosen for her.

They went towards the house, the door stood open, light streamed out and Anna's voice called, "Where are you—Tom . . . Denny . . .?"

Home! He turned to smile at her, catching her thought. "Home, Denny. Yours and mine, for always."

"I've seen some very lonely women," came the echo of Father's voice. . . . "But not Denny Garland—didn't you hear?—she married Tom Lyon of Moonrakers . . ."

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Shy star returns home in triumph

From BILL STRUTTON in Venice

● Italy is feting the return of its own popular screen-star, Valli, who flew from Hollywood to Venice for the International Film Festival.

VALLI is now installed in a suite in the Excelsior abounding in exotic summer flowers and festooned with greetings from film friends all over Italy.

After the hullabaloo over her arrival had died down, and the Festival Cinema had turned itself inside out with society and filmdom pressing and crating to get a look at her, Valli emerged calmly from her suite swinging a beach bag.

She strolled along to cabin No. 34 in the serried rows of bathing huts facing the Adriatic, stretched out like a cat on a red checkered divan, and slept in the sun on and off for about a week.

The photographers crept up in ones and twos, clicked, and crept away. Only an occasional autograph hunter had the hardihood to prod her alive and present her with a pencil.

The only times Valli roused herself were to walk slowly down to the mill-pond sea and take a thoughtful swim, and to walk back over the sand to the Excelsior for lunch. For the rest of the time she lay motionless and blissful in the sun.

That's where I caught up with her. We knew each other from London days, when she was making "The Third Man."

Valli stretched herself, swept back her hair and showed a dark brown face lit with her smile and her light-blue eyes. They always put me in mind of a cat.

"This is the life, my boy," she said, "Ah, this is the life! Just loafing in the sun for days on end and not thinking about anything. Now I am really happy!"

But she was kidding herself a little, because just then she did think about something.

"Look how much weight I've put on since London," she said. "I've got to get that off somehow. My



LOVELY ALIDA VALLI smiles at friends during a visit to the Festival Cinema in Venice. With her is American Ambassador to Italy, James Clement Dunn, who presented awards at the Festival.

doctor says it will be all right. It will take a while, that's all.

"The baby? Oh, little Lorenzo's just fine. We call him Larry. We have left him and young Carlo back with their Nanny in the States. I think I shall be taking out American nationality next year.

"I have three years of my contract with David Selznick to run yet. Since I made 'The White Tower' with Glenn Ford at Chamonix I haven't made any more films, because of the baby.

"But on my way back from the mountains I travelled through Paris, and I fell in love with it. Some day I want to go and live there. As a matter of fact, that's where I'm going from here.

"Because the big news is that I'm going to make my next film there. And it's with Jean Marais, the star of 'Beauty and the Beast'.

"They have given me the script to look at, and I think it's one of the best I have ever read. It's a modern love story, but the title remains a secret.

"Now I have to learn French for the part, which means starting from scratch, because I only know a few words. But it's a Latin tongue, so it should be easier for me than learning English was."

Valli's English to-day gives no hint of how hard it was to learn. She speaks fluently, with a rich command of phrase, and with a slight but charming American-Italian accent.

Many stars complain that when they leave their home for a new country, they start to forget their mother tongue and find themselves searching for words when they return. Not so Valli.

We had lunch in the Excelsior's flower-laden alfresco restaurant, right on the beach. Her Italian spilled out in a rapid cascade of orders to the waiter, greetings to friends at the tables all around, and a long domestic discussion with her husband, Oscar de Meyo, who arrived and pulled up a chair.

De Meyo, also Italian from an old aristocratic family, is a musician. Valli is passionately fond of music,

HANDSOME French actor Jean Marais, Valli's co-star for her next film, which will be made in France. Marais is the most popular young screen-star in France.

and I remember her telling me in London during a recital at the Albert Hall that this was one of the most attractive qualities she discovered in him when they met.

"Back in Hollywood, I could sit for hours just listening to him play," she told me. "He is a magnificent pianist and a fine musician to the tips of his fingers."

Otherwise, their matrimonial life had not been entirely smooth until now. On her return to Hollywood from London, Valli filed suit for divorce. A couple of months later they announced a reconciliation.

Since then her second baby, Lorenzo, has been born, and at lunch it was obvious that they had settled down very happily.

"What about it, Oscar?" she said. "Don't you think we ought to go and live in Paris—when we've made a lot of money, I mean?"

Quiet tastes

OSCAR shrugged. "Sure. When we've made a lot of money. But that stuff's rather hard to keep in Hollywood. There's the house, the children's education, the parties, the keeping up appearances."

Which is rather a pity, because Valli is one of the simplest persons you could meet. She says she would like nothing better than to retire to a home and a garden she could call her own, not to have to dress like a princess every time she appeared in public, to cut out the round of the fashion houses and the cocktail parties, to live a modest but secure life with her children and her books, and to indulge her passion for music.

If you ask her who are her friends in Hollywood, there will be no reeling off of stars and socialites and movie barons. She only says, "Oh—just friends. You know, real people."

Although she had flown from Hollywood to Venice ostensibly for this International Film Festival, her visit is not without the suspicion that its main object was to see her friends in films here.

These loyalties are the secret of her immense popularity in her own country. At lunch there was a constant coming and going of filmmakers.

There were more reunions flavored with good Venetian wine over that table than there are when a troopship pulls in.



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Merry Go Round

HALFWAY down the hill I ran into Jacques.

"I've been looking all over the place for you," he said softly. "Rosa said I'd find you up on the hill." There was a sparkle in his eyes that should have warned me. More than once he had lost patience with me when we were rehearsing together, and I knew that it was with supreme self-control that he stopped himself from storming at me. "Seems to me you're spending most of your free time gossiping with that Johnny Lawrence."

"I can spend my free time exactly how and with whom I please," I said coolly.

He clasped his hand round my arm. "Sure, you can! But don't get involved in heart-trouble. We haven't started climbing the ladder yet, remember, and more than anything we need cool heads and calm heads."

I glanced swiftly at him, and my sudden anger melted. "You don't have to worry about me," I said gently. I was too absorbed in my newly discovered love for Johnny to notice that, for the first time, I had failed to respond with any eagerness to the plans Jacques and I had so often discussed for the future—our future. No ladder was worth climbing, as far as I was concerned, if I couldn't have Johnny with me.

There came a time, however, when my love for Johnny grew so intense that the need for confiding in someone was imperative. There was only Madame Rosa. She had nursed me on one occasion through an attack of German measles and in a way I was fond of her, so one evening I went along to her caravan.

"What's worrying you so much?" she asked, patting cream lightly around her eyes.

I hesitated, feeling my cheeks flush. "I—I'm afraid he'll say good-bye to me when we move from here without asking me to marry him," I confessed in a whisper.

She looked at me in startled dismay. "Marry? For goodness sake, child, have some sense!" she exclaimed sharply. Then her tone softened and she went on, "Being in love with a man like Johnny is one thing, but taking it too seriously is quite another matter. You belong

Continued from page 7

to separate worlds. Your lives are different—"

Jacques was sitting on the steps of my van when I got back. "I heard you talking to Rosa," he said. "I was waiting to see if you'd come for a walk. It's too beautiful to turn in."

I wondered if he had heard what I had said to Rosa, but his expression was so calm, his voice so friendly, I felt sure he had not. It was a beautiful evening and I didn't feel in the least like sleep, but I could not go for a walk with Jacques. He would talk about the future, draw imaginary pictures of the world at our feet... that fairy-tale we both believed in and would work to bring to life... Had believed in. Now, loving Johnny, I wanted a different world, the world to which he belonged.

I rested my hand on the side of the caravan, and Jacques placed his own on mine. "You're not happy, Lilla?" he asked quietly. Before I could stop him he had drawn me into his arms, holding me, not tightly but comfortingly, my head against his shoulder.

"I'm tired, Jacques, I think I'll go to bed," I muttered.

He let me go at once. "Good-night, then," I watched him walking away through the deserted quietude of the fairground, the covered sidestalls, the motionless roundabouts. But I could not go after him. I was ashamed in a way, because I felt a traitor, ready to desert the circus at a word from the outsider with whom I had fallen in love.

Soon we would be leaving. There was a vague restlessness in the air, impatient mutterings, a rather apathetic attitude among the performers.

"We shall be going soon," I whispered in Johnny's ear.

He gently traced the veins in my wrist, not raising his head. "And we haven't done one half of the things we planned to do," he murmured. "Dancing, the theatre, dinner in a swell restaurant..." Oh, but it wasn't any of these things I wanted! Why couldn't he say the words I so terribly wanted to hear? A few moments ago he had kissed me, holding me in an embrace that seemed as if he could never let me go.

Please turn to page 64



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Beauty in brief Five grooming tips

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

- Do you like to concoct your own beauty pick-ups? Your kitchen will supply the salt, honey, oatmeal, ale (if any), and tea-leaves used in these simple hints.

SALT mixed with cold cream is excellent to tone and stimulate the skin and leave it soft in texture. The same mixture will also remove peeling flakes of dried skin when tanning creates a problem. Use with gentle massage movements until the skin has a gentle glow.

Honey makes a good, if sticky, pre-make-up facial when there is not much time available for the job. A thin film is spread over face and throat, and patted over with flat tips of the fingers for about fifteen minutes. Honey has an astringent effect, can be quickly removed with a towel dipped in cold water and partially wrung-out.

Using oatmeal instead of soap is an old trick that has been forgotten by many, yet it's a good

standby for sensitive complexions that are irritated by soap. The idea is to make small oatmeal bags and use in much the same fashion as a soap tablet.

In this age of experimentation using up a small amount of ale to set hair after a shampoo is not surprising. The smell of malt disappears quickly, the hair dries twice as fast and has a lovely sheen, with just enough body to hold a natural-looking curl.

Even used tea-leaves have their own small place in the kitchen beauty world. Put used leaves into tiny cotton bags while they are still hot, allow them to cool off, and while still damp place one sack over each eyelid and allow to remain during ten or fifteen minutes of relaxation.

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WHITE WITH DOCTOR

By LOUISE A. STINETORF

Illustrated by DUNLOP



"For her who bore you, mama," Aganza said, holding out the banana-leaf parcel.

BY chance my eyes fell on the pot of water that had been heated for us to wash up with following the operation. It was not boiling, of course, but it was hot and a faint vapor hung above it. Without hesitation I picked up the pot and pushed through the doorway, straight up to the howling N'Devli.

He stopped gyrating and pranced in front of me like a skittish colt on a cold morning.

"There is medicine in this pot stronger than any of your spirits," I told him, and dashed the water full in his face.

The deep-throated howl he had begun ended in a tapering squeak. As I drew the pot back in order to empty the remainder upon him, N'Devli shrieked once more, and leaped whirling in the air.

When his feet struck the earth, he was already running, and seconds later he had disappeared in a cloud of steam. The tiny drummer scrambled to his feet and made off in another direction.

I turned towards Ngana, who was staring at me open-mouthed, and swished the water in the pot meaningfully. He too fled. The rout of the devils was complete.

I walked back to Laii and tried to conquer the tremor in my voice as I told her: "There were three devils outside the hut that hate me—me, not you. But I am not afraid of devils, child, because I have medicine that is stronger than any of their magic. You heard one of them screaming in fright, and all of them have run away. Lie down now, and we will go about straightening your leg."

For a moment she did not move, but it seemed to me that I could see the tension easing in her face. Then Aganza laid a hand on her shoulder, and Laii looked up into the old woman's face.

"What the white mama says is true, little woman. Lie down now," Aganza said, with a gentle shove. "Mama cannot be bothered with talking to you while she is taking bad things out of your leg."

In six months, Laii was ready to go back to her husband, tall, straight, a really comely young woman, whose only blemishes were a few hairline scars on her thighs and ribs where skin for grafting on her legs had been taken.

I was proud of her, and my success added infinitely to the prestige

a white person must always build for himself in a native village if his work is to have any lasting effect.

I sent her back to her husband with the Tani porters, who had stayed with me long enough to mould and burn brick for the foundation and lower walls of a hospital that could be kept clean of vermin.

They also dug me a latrine and, using hambo joints, piped spring water down from a nearby hill.

This water was much appreciated.

I shared it with the village of N'Titierte, and earned the gratitude of both men and women.

We started a school, too, with Aganza as teacher. At first only two of N'Derli's sons attended. Aganza taught them to read, after which others were eager to do the same.

It was Aganza, too, who worked out a system of securing nurses for my growing hospital. We received many gifts for our medical services: "For her who bore you, mama," is the way in which they were usually offered, since, according to some African minds, all of good or evil a woman accomplishes in this life stems from one's mother and her conduct before one's birth.

Therefore, it is to one's mother that a gift is tendered, whether or not the mother is living or dead.

NOT long after I had operated on Laii, the old chief of the village died, and soon afterwards Monsieur l'Administrateur arrived in N'Titierte with his entourage. Monsieur told me that theoretically the Old Men's Council chose a new chief, but that in the past each of the ambitious ones among the sons, brothers, and uncles of a dead ruler had used violent methods to influence this decision in his favor.

Monsieur was present now to make certain that the choice of a new chief rested solely with the Council of Old Men, and to threaten truly frightening punishments if that choice was not respected.

The Old Men of the Council took almost six weeks to reach a decision, and Monsieur sat with them every hour of every day of every week. Finally he could wait no longer; a messenger had arrived with a letter for him in the cleft of a stick.

He gave the council twenty-four hours in which to make up its collective mind and suggested that Kdogoluc, one of the dead chief's

older sons, was a wise, strong, and temperate man.

The next morning Kdogoluc was informed that henceforth the men of N'Titierte, including the grey-beards of the Council, would defer to his judgment in all matters of village government. Monsieur had a long talk with Kdogoluc in the privacy of his tent, bade me a hurried good-bye, and left.

It was during this period that I became much better acquainted with N'Derli and one of his families: a wife and two little daughters. They were charming elfin creatures, whom I saw playing about his hut, and it was obvious that he loved them as dearly as any white man loves his children.

I didn't know of the existence of a third daughter by this wife until one day he asked me if my magic were great enough to cure his daughter of some mysterious ill.

I examined the child and, as nearly as I could judge, she had a freak tumor. I could not attempt to operate on it myself, but suggested that we take the child to Dr. Charles Clyde at Tani.

I overcame N'Derli's first doubts by extolling the power of Dr. Charles' "magic," and we set out for Tani within a week.

That first night we camped near the hut of Tembo the ferryman, and I was glad to see his wife again. Three seasons back I had delivered Laii of her first baby. It had been a beautiful child and I was as happy as the parents.

I was just as sad too when I heard a few weeks later that the little one had coughed and coughed until the weak spirit fled from a body so racked by convulsions. Now Laii was to have another child—did I think the spirits would let her keep this one?

How could I say, when infant mortality is so appalling in the Congo Territory that no native woman expects to rear more than a fourth or a fifth of the children she bears? With the good will of the spirits, that is!

In the hut I noticed that all the bed skins were in one heap, which meant that only one person slept warm at night. Knowing Africa, I took it for granted that it was the husband, but when Laii sat down on the heap as we talked, I knew I was wrong. No African wife would so defile her husband's bed as to use it for a seat.

I was touched that Tembo should sacrifice his own comfort to hers, and on the spur of the moment I made him the gift of a blanket.

"It is softer and warmer than many skins," I told him. Tembo was not a rich man, and his eyes shone at the magnificence of the gift. I knew it pleased him exceedingly—and that Laii would lie wrapped in it that night. But at least Tembo would have his skins back again.

We reached Tani, where Dr. Charles removed N'Derli's daughter's tumor easily.

Our stay in Tani was brief, and without notable incident. On the trip back to Big Bush, we camped again, on the last night, near the hut of the ferryman, but not at our preferred site. That we found already occupied by Tembo's brother, Ngana, and four of his wives.

Please turn to page 58

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SINCE our movements were known, via the drums, by everyone in Big Bush, there can be no doubt that the second twin had timed his arrival to coincide with ours. He had never forgiven me for routing his hired witch doctor, and he lost no opportunity to inflict petty irritations.

Now I think he simply meant that I should see him lord his wealth over his poorer brother.

"I could have got along with only one wife, I suppose," I heard him say in a disparaging tone to Tembo, the single-wed man. "But I like comfort. And of course I have more wives back in N'Titierte to care for my gardens and goats."

The ferryman nodded. He had lived so long with poverty that I doubt if he actually grasped the insult of the words. Instead, his eyes glowed with interest in his brother's good fortune.

Then I came to with a rude jerk. "Perhaps I shall buy me one of these white-skinned women for a wife," N'gana was saying, with a leer and a sideways glance at me. "They are no good, of course, barren and lazy, but N'Baganza had one, and my wealth is as great as his."

I'm afraid I sneered contemptuously at N'gana's boast, and arose to go to my tent for the night. But at the moment, Laili, being all woman, and perhaps feeling the shame of having no sister wives to show her in-laws, came out of her hut with the only thing she possessed that they might envy—she was wrapped from shoulder to ankle in the red blanket I had given her husband.

She drew the blanket closer about her and squatted down, not too near to her relatives, but not so far away that they would fail to see that she was more comfortably clothed than they had ever been in their lives. They fairly drooled with envy, and N'gana's eyes almost popped out of his head.

Simply, as though he were in the habit of receiving such magnificent gifts every day of his life, the ferryman explained the acquisition of the red blanket.

N'gana turned amazed eyes on me.

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 57

"But, mama, you and I have been friends—"

"Friends! You and I?" I snapped angrily.

But N'Gana had flung up both hands, fingers rigidly extended, and was staring at them helplessly. How could he number the seasons we had known each other?

"—for ever so long, mama, and you have never given me a blanket."

"Why should one so insignificant as I offer presents to a man as rich as you?" I snorted contemptuously, and turned on my heel. But I did not feel triumphant; N'gana was cunning and cruel and unscrupulous. Should I warn him of my anger if he tried to take the blanket away from his brother?

I faltered a step, then caught myself and went on. Heaven forbid that I should put anything in that evil mind the devil had not already put there.

The next morning I made arrangements to be sent for when the time came for Laili's confinement. N'gana stood well within hearing.

As his brother and I laid plans, the sneer on the face of the Hippopotamus deepened, and I was more than glad to turn my face toward Big Bush.

Laili's second baby also died. The birth was a normal one and the infant was a beautiful child, perfectly formed and, if his squalling were any measure of health, vigorous.

I suppose that after I left her, in spite of my instructions, Laili forced too much half-cooked, coarse corn meal mush down the child's throat.

After that, N'gana and his four wives were gone from their village a year. When he returned, he travelled with six wives, three new ones and three of the old ones.

The fourth "old one" he had sold to a soldier. Perhaps her price had been the soldier's red blanket. At any rate, the Hippopotamus had a fine, red blanket of his own.

By then, Laili, the Elephant's only wife, was pregnant again. I had planned to be with her when the baby came, of course, but the birth was premature and I was away on itinerary in The Hungry Country. I did

not get back from that trip until it was all over with Laili—and Tembo. Perhaps it was fate that she died the night N'gana and his six wives camped near the Elephant's kraal on their way home again. She died, and the Elephant did not slide her into the river, where the crocodiles would have made short work of her body. Nor did he drag her to the nearest sunny glade, where the kites and jackals would have disposed of her with equal speed.

Tembo, ever the fool, interred her as though she had been a chief or a

Mother's strange disappearance

HAVE you seen Mrs. Scully?

She had a husband, four children, and a comfortable home at Frankston (Victoria). Then she disappeared. In five months the police have found no trace of her.

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great brave man. Such behaviour could not fail to offend the spirits, and N'gana had had no part in it.

But undoubtedly he saw, as his wives must have seen, that the ferryman's wife went to her long sleep wrapped in a red blanket. If so, he said nothing about it, but when N'gana returned home, his own precious red blanket was found to be missing.

Articles of value are never "lost" in an African village. They are always "stolen," and N'Devli was called in to "smell out the thief." Inevitably the ferryman was accused, and his wife was disinterested in unprecedented search for proof.

Both Tembo's hands were severed at the wrists and he was driven out into the jungle where he soon fell a prey to leopards.

I did not get the story of Tembo's trial, punishment, and death from the natives of Big Bush, for villagers do not like to discuss the practices of their witch doctors with white people. Aganza gave me the bare details, and as soon as I heard what she had to say, I sent for Monsieur l'Administrateur.

He came to N'Titierte immediately to try N'Devli and N'gana for collusion and murder and our friend Kdogolue, the chief, for misconduct of his office. In the long run, practically nothing could be proved against either of the first two men.

N'gana had made a very understandable mistake; N'Devli had unearthed what he and everyone else in N'Titierte had taken as incontrovertible evidence.

Urged on by his Council of Old Men, the chief had sentenced Tembo, Kdogolue, really a fine, capable man, did not order Tembo's execution, although it amounted to the same thing. In the end, Kdogolue was deposed by Monsieur and sentenced to a term of forced labor on the roads.

"It was one of the most unjust sentences I had ever had to pronounce," Monsieur l'Administrateur told me. "And, worst of all, I had to let the guilty ones go. N'Devli will be harder than ever for you to get along with now."

Monsieur knew men, black and white. His safari was not out of sound of the village before the guilty old devil was strutting before me like a turkey gobbler in the spring. And I thought I could read in his eyes, "I got rid of Tembo in spite of you, and I shall plague you as long as the two of us live."

I HAD almost four terms of service in Africa—not bad for a woman who was already forty before she ever saw the shores of the Dark Continent. There was nothing remarkably outstanding about my work, and I doubt if as a result of my twenty-odd years of service I could count as many Christian converts.

On the other hand, I am egotistical enough to say that I believe I accomplished more of lasting value than the average professional religious worker in the foreign field.

When I returned to the United States for the last time, I left behind me a substantial hospital staffed with well-trained, efficient native workers, many of them far more capable than I, a corps of itinerant nurses for outstation medical work, and a school system that touched hundreds of villages, not only in the jungle along the tributaries of the Great River, but out into the boundless sun-baked plains of The Hungry Country.

At times I have been compelled to take part in something of which I disapproved. What might be called my last outstanding adventure in the Congo Territory was of this nature.

It was toward the middle of my fourth term of service. I knew this would be my last stretch in the Congo, for I was in my mid-sixties now and too often uneasy with malaria.

Aganza didn't look a day older, to me, than that first time I saw her. Bot Mata Kwan was a tall, handsome stripling, a student at Achimota College on the West Coast.

He spent his vacations with us in Big Bush, where he shed his white man's clothing and became one of the N'Titierte bachelors, paying proper obeisance to the chief. I was glad for this, and I know Aganza must have been, for it was she who only a few years earlier had arranged for his tribal initiation.

The boy had completed his second year and returned to us for the long vacation when word came through from Monsieur l'Administrateur that we were to be visited by a pair of explorers. Monsieur, knowing that I would not divulge the contents of his letter, was extremely frank in expressing his dislike of this couple.

Please turn to page 60

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THESE explorers were just a simple outfit, Monsieur assured me, roughing it in the jungle with only about five hundred boys, an army of tents, radios, bathtubs, chemical toilets, and so on, to say nothing of the corps of Hollywood technicians who would operate their battery of movie and still cameras.

The white rulers of Africa have made it mandatory for a village to bring the white men who camp near it all the food desired. There is no getting around this law, and more than one village has been punished when it had nothing but empty granaries and locust-ravaged gardens to show the pale-faced stranger who popped up out of nowhere.

It was impossible for N'Titierte to feed an army of five hundred people, so a system of food transportation would have to be set up with neighboring villages. All normal village routine would be disrupted, and the sole profit to the natives would be what little money the women received for their eggs, and chickens, and vegetables.

"I have witnessed that the Mrs. Explorer loves to haggle—bargaining," she calls it. Tell your women to hear this in mind when setting their first price," Monsieur wrote.

It was well that Monsieur warned us, for after the couple arrived it became a regular morning routine for Mrs. Explorer to strut up and down before the line of women who had been compelled to strip their trees of the precious fruit.

I have seen her scream, rant, and even kick the women in an attempt to beat the price of a stalk of bananas down from three cents to two cents.

Being only a missionary, I was naturally too soft with the "Niggers." They needed someone like her to show them their place, Mrs. Explorer assured me.

Mr. Explorer was struck with the stupidity of the N'Titierteans. No matter how long he "reasoned" with a "Nigger," or how loudly, none of them understood either his English or his so-called French.

When the safari arrived, they moved on to my knoll without so much as a by-your-leave. It was the best site for a camp; that was why I had chosen it for a hospital compound.

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 58

for myself, but for every missionary of my denomination.

That night the jungle throbbed with the voice of the big drums. I couldn't wait for a letter—it might take a month for one of our primitive postmen to find Monsieur l'Administrateur, and bring an answer back.

I prayed desperately that someone higher up would tell these impossible people, "No!" I had my reply from Monsieur in less than two hours.

This time he didn't try to be funny. He told me quite simply that the N'Titierteans must stage a lion hunt, but that I, as an American missionary, need carry no responsibility for it if I wished otherwise.

He did not need to tell me that to risk being retired without pension after a lifetime of hard and faithful service was something he and his wife could not face.

FOR the next few days, N'Titierte was a beehive of activity. The old men who had participated in tribal lion hunts in their youth, but who had not held a spear in their hands for years, began practising like young bachelors. The young men heard lectures on the strength, cunning, and unpredictability of the king of beasts.

Mock lion hunts were staged, with sometimes a half dozen old men playing the parts of surrounded lions. In short, an attempt was made to crowd into a few days what should have been the training of a lifetime. And all the while the "modest safari" of only about five hundred boys was devouring the gardens for miles around like a scourge of locusts.

Mr. and Mrs. Explorer were filled with impatience. Big Bush was but a minor incident in their intrepid lives, and they resented the days squandered on us.

For a week or so the cameramen took pictures of everything in and about N'Titierte with the exception of me and the hospital compound.

It is a curious thing, but I have never read a book by professional explorers in which any word of thanks

is ever tendered a missionary, yet almost all of us at one time or another have given these people hospitality, and many of us have stopped our work to render them assistance.

Mr. and Mrs. Explorer, on the other hand, were photographed in all sorts of ridiculous poses. For instance, there was one picture of the Mrs. dining with our chief.

The later movie audience would not know that no morsel of the food set out ever passed the lips of the black man, for male black primitive Africa does not eat with women. Cattle! He would have felt himself degraded.

Finally preparations for the lion hunt were completed. The young men, who would have been warriors in the days before the white men forbade internecine strife, were instructed, as were the young boys. These latter, Mata Kwan among them, were to keep well in the rear, to thresh the tall grass with bamboo poles, and yell their heads off when the time came.

Thus simba, charging for what looked like a weak spot in the circle of spears surrounding him, might be turned back.

So at last the hunt went forward. I shall never forget that morning if I live to be a hundred. Mrs. Explorer and I stood on the peak of a forty-foot anthill and watched, I peering through my spectacles and she using the most up-to-date field glasses.

The hunt was all over in half the time it took to show the film later. Mr. Explorer's white hunter had had a pride of lions under observation, almost under guard, for a week. Our men went immediately to the clump of thorn trees where they slept and surrounded them.

It was an immense circle, at least a quarter of a mile in diameter, and for the sake of the camera those who would come into the picture were costumed in all the ornaments of fur, feather, bone, claw, copper wire, and other oddments they possessed. It would have been impossible for them to look less like a group of hunters on serious business.

Please turn to page 61

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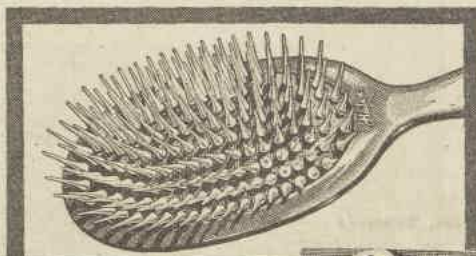
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HA-12

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 60

I WAS told that the actual "hunt" took only minutes, but the agony of each second is so clearly etched on my mind that in retrospect it seems hours. The edges of the circle were rippled, like a picurist.

The younger of the really experienced lion hunters were in the front. Their rhino-hide shields would make a brave showing on the screen, I knew, but I prayed that they would not fall apart if and when simba charged. It seemed to me that I could see some of the scrawny arms tremble under the weight of the heavy spears.

Then there were the young men, in the prime of their manhood—good hunters for the most part, but knowing the king of beasts only through the old men's tales. They had shields of one sort or another, borrowed from their fathers and uncles, which they carried gracefully enough in the village ceremonial dances, but they looked tense and awkward now.

"Beautiful display of primitive savagery!" I heard the woman beside me exclaim. "It should photograph magnificently—if only heat devils don't obscure the film!"

I wish I had asked her the question that leaped to my tongue. "Primitive savagery—on whose part?"

The hunt began at a signal, covered from every angle by well-protected cameramen. Mr. Explorer was not even in the outer circle of boys, but was energetically shouting orders.

Now and then one's eyes caught glimpses of a tawny figure in the grassy centre. Then, high and shrill above the shouting of the boys, I heard an agonised scream.

Then it was all over, and—can you believe it—there were three lions dead. Lions as full of spears as a dressmaker's pin-cushion is of pins. I wondered who had been hurt and how badly; I started down the anthill, but was stopped peremptorily. There were more pictures to be taken, and I must not get in the way.

There must be a ceremonial dance about the dead lions, the man ordered. My N'Tiiteans knew of no such ceremonial, but they put on a dance nevertheless, with much stamping, shaking of spears, and whooping. The dancers already knew what I was still to learn, and

the expressions on their faces were savage enough to please the most effete thrill seeker.

Then still more pictures! The intrepid explorers' parts in the lion hunt must be shown. There was the man, for instance, his gun supposedly jammed, casting it aside and struggling with a black warrior for his spear.

The man won, of course, according to the finished movie, and he advanced with the innermost circle of experienced lion hunters, finally rising to his toes and hurling the strange weapon in best college athletic form.

Then—again I say, "Can you believe it?"—the woman was posed, aiming her gun at a dead lion propped up on stones about nine feet in front of her, its tail lashing about as a boy on either side of the beast alternately jerked hidden strings.

Mr. Explorer was posed immediately behind his wife, grinding away like mad on an empty camera. And behind the two of them, a real cameraman recorded the couple's amazing courage.

After a heart-chilling moment, Mrs. Explorer blazed away with her gun, a third hidden string jerked away a stick which had propped up simba's head, and the noble beast collapsed.

Finally our visitors had enough; and in less than an hour the big tents were down and the man and his wife were swinging off down the trail in tip-toes that would have done credit to the palanquins of an Oriental emperor.

They were gone, leaving us to gather up our dead. I kept no record of the number of men and women and children who sustained minor injuries that day. Those whose muscles and bones were laid bare or mangled and crushed by the lions came first. Barked skins and stubbed toes were disposed of hastily.

At last all the suffering were cared for, and I turned to the four bodies lying beneath funeral mats under the thatched eaves of the palaver hut. The first face I looked into was that of Atakaa. He had four wives and probably a dozen living children.

One boy and one girl were working and studying in my hospital.

Atakaa had just entered the years of wisdom and dignity—that is, he was probably forty or forty-five years old. He had not been a wordy man, but even the chief listened when he cleared his throat to speak. N'Tiite would miss him.

The next man, they told me, was N'yan. He was old, experienced; by reputation he had been a magnificent lion hunter in his youth.

But he was old and his arm was no longer strong. Moreover, his bones were brittle and they had snapped like dry twigs under the impact of simba's charge. I think he really died of shock. Everyone had liked him; they would miss him too.

The third face—O dear God! A dozen hands reached out to touch me—just to brush my body with their finger-tips. A score of voices murmured gentle words.

ALL I could do was to stand and stare into the face of what had once been Mata Kwan. Mata Kwan, the boy who in a small way had taken the place of a son in my old maid's heart.

"How did it happen?" I whispered.

"These many lions got away, mama," a low voice replied.

Twinkling fingers tried to count for me the number of animals that had escaped.

"And each beast as it broke through the circle of hunters—" My voice faltered because I knew the answer.

"Does Aganza know?" I asked.

"Yes, mama."

The stress of emotion and the pressure of work had been so great that day that only then did I realise that Aganza had not helped me in the hospital all afternoon.

"Where is she?"

My companions looked at each other, at my feet, at their own feet, and one by one slipped away from the palaver hut. All but one, an old man, who knelt and rolled the

mat back over Mata Kwan's face. Then he uncovered the fourth boy—one of his own grandsons.

"The jungle has taken back what it lent," he murmured.

His voice and tone were calm, too calm. I knew his heart was as full of tears as my own.

I walked back to my dulas like a woman in a trance, repeating monotonously: "I must find Aganza. I must find Aganza." But where would I look? Village folk do not visit back and forth in each other's huts. There was a slight cough outside my door. I pushed the mosquito netting aside and found Jackie.

"Mama," he began, and then looked about carefully, apprehensively. When he went on, his voice sank so low I almost had to push my ear into his face to hear him. "Mama, while you were busy with the injured this afternoon, N'Devi danced in front of Mother Aganza's hut."

So that was it! N'Devi, the witch doctor, cruel, malicious, and steeped in his wickedness, had at last found an opportunity to wreak his malice on me.

"They went down by the river, mama," Jackie added. "They took the path that leads to the fetish houses."

"Come!" I said, and was ten feet away before I realised that my old gumbeater had not moved. I looked back over my shoulder, and he shook his head slowly.

"I am afraid, mama," he said softly.

Jackie was no coward. Although no African by choice ventures abroad after the sun has set, he had accompanied me on many an emergency night-time trip. But now he could not bring himself to face whatever evil N'Devi the witch doctor might conjure up for the path that lay ahead. I think it was the only time he ever failed me.

I turned from Jackie and almost ran through the village of N'Tiite. Down the path beside the river I sped, the hidden path that led to the fetish houses.

Please turn to page 62

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1. KOLYNOS NEUTRALIZES MOUTH ACIDS.
2. KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA (ENZYMES) WHICH PRODUCE THESE ACIDS.
3. KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

Xavier Cugat—KOLYNOS FAN
XAVIER CUGAT, FEATURED ARTIST ON COLUMBIA RECORDS ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS.

Like MONEY in the BANK!

ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. BECAUSE IT IS SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED—HALF AN INCH IS PLenty.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS BETTER
TASTES BETTER
LASTS LONGER

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 61

A MINUTE later my feet crashed through a little heap of sticks in the centre of the path. Then I understood N'Devli wanted privacy for whatever was to take place by the river that night, and he had placed the little fetiches, head level, feet level, which normally were more efficacious than white man's locks at keeping the unwanted away.

Insignificant in themselves, they are symbols of the age-old terror that holds the superstitious in almost unbreakable bonds.

I went on more slowly now. I was tired. Tired to death! And I made less noise, but neither Aganza nor N'Devli would have heard me had I crashed through the brush like a rhino.

I stopped not more than a dozen paces from the two of them. The light of a crude torch danced weirdly over the fetich hut and these frantic human beings.

A goat was pegged down on its side before the fetich hut, and Aganza, stark naked, was grovelling on all fours before it. N'Devli was bounding up and down and screeching eerily, like wind among dry bumboos. Each time he hit the ground he pricked her with the point of a spear.

What was he trying to force her to do? To tear the goat with her teeth like a leopard?

"Stop it!" I shrieked. "Stop it! Stop it, you fend!"

Aganza moaned, and collapsed on top of the goat, but N'Devli whirled about in midair. He bared his teeth, snarled like a dog, and shook his spear at me.

I too leaped forward, and with no thought of what I did, but with surprising strength for an old woman, I wrenched the spear from the witch doctor's hands. The next instant I saw a knife high above N'Devli's head. Then, using the spear as a

woman with a broom, I slashed downward as hard as I could. The witch doctor crumpled up at my feet.

I pulled Aganza to her feet, and she shivered like one awakening from a trance.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

But she only shivered more violently.

I slapped her smartly on each cheek, and her head rocked back and forth. Then she opened her eyes, and I saw that she was herself again.

"Are you all right—now?"

"Yes, mama."

At our feet N'Devli whimpered, and we both looked down at him. Then Aganza glanced at me quickly. I still held the witch doctor's spear in my hand, and maybe she thought I was going to kill him.

Well, I had to wreak the insane fury that surged through me on something. Suddenly I began beating at the fetich house with the heavy thorn-wood handle of the spear; then, with the blade and the toe of my shoe, I shoved the debris into the river.

Aganza leaned over to untie the goat. Then, between us, we half carried, half dragged N'Devli back to the hospital. He wasn't badly injured—a broken collarbone and dislocated shoulder were all—but he was suffering from shock.

I worked hard to save his life, and I stayed with him until the morning sun faced the walls of the infirmary hut. Then one of my nurses led me away and put me to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep or rest. Rather to such pain as I had never known before. To such pain as I had seldom seen others suffer.

Nor did I need to be told what the trouble was.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

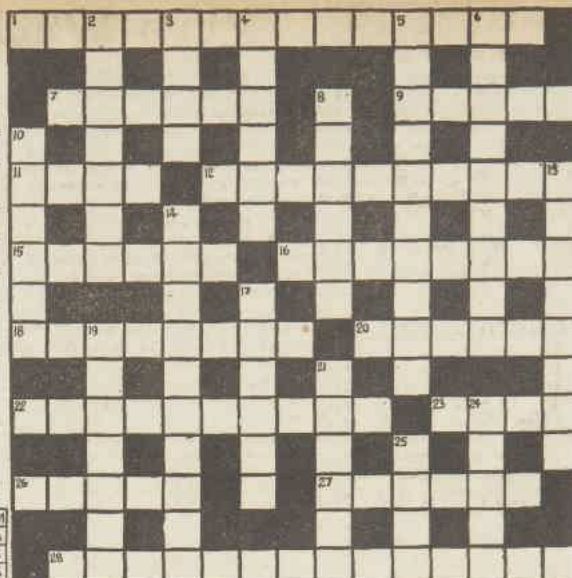
- False statement of large former region give a concentrated beef (7, 7).
- Sailor machine for weaving is in flower (8).
- Be able to be division of a long poem (8).
- San god concerning uncommon (4).
- Be a bookie hired and scattered about (10).
- Small horse in printer's measure gives his name to a people or place (6).
- Cleft sailor and the French may be let out for him (8).
- One who took part in the execution of Charles I (8).
- Sixth order of angels (6).
- Matthew, Mark, and Luke have written such gospels (10).
- On the sky and in Hollywood (4).
- Nozzle which is mainly nose (3).
- Rare bees if in order can cut hair (6).
- Hand power's lane (abbr.) (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

MADAGASCAR DOOM
E I A A M A V A
WASAL BLINDNESS
D C E R O A R K
ORANGE I MITRE
A E U N S O
FIDDLERS WASP S
F I L L E A
I T U B E I N T E G R A L
I A S A M L
CARAT E SACRAL
T A I N C R N S
I M P R O V I S E E V E N T
O I N L N S N U
N I D A R E S T I T U T E D

For several days I had had pain in the small of my back, and other symptoms, but I disregarded the evidence of my senses.

Besides, I was in my late sixties and it was natural that I should have a little pain from time to time, pain that could be caused by any number of things—rheumatism, for instance.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Impediment with a drinking place in the middle (7).
- False god turns to an Italian city on the river Adra (4).
- Simon but not on by smirk (8).
- Pleasurable exercise about act of bringing into existence (10).
- Study a saint and able policeman (9).
- Source of hair by smart in appearance (6).
- Singular outstanding debts err in a Swiss river (8).
- Being surgeon's assistants they start with a doctor (8).
- Jazz is such music (10).
- The motor in the car does it when it is running yet the car stands (6).
- Venetian boat (7).
- Monkey-bread tree and its back is the same if you reverse the middle (8).
- The egg as a subject on which one speaks or writes (3).
- Scottish hill-side (4).

Now there was no question about what caused the pain in the small of my back: blackwater fever. Sentence of death! How often had I heard those words from the white hunters, the traders, the fellow missionaries who were guilty of the same carelessness as I.

When I returned from my last

furlough, I had remembered Dr. Mary's advice to bring a case of champagne back with me as a specific for blackwater fever, but somehow it had disappeared "by accident" en route up the Congo.

Please turn to page 63

"I broke a lifetime habit... AND NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE!"

FOR GOODNESS SAKE KEEP THAT CHILD QUIET!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR MOTHER?

SHE'S NOT HERSELF THESE DAYS.

SEEMS I SPEND MY LIFE TAKING THIS AND THAT—BUT I DON'T FEEL MUCH BETTER FOR IT. I THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK TO DOCTOR RYAN.

IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS ALL MY LIFE DOCTOR. ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER WAY?

YES, MRS. GREEN YOU CAN BE REGULAR AND BUILD YOURSELF UP WITHOUT MEDICINES. I'LL TELL YOU HOW.

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A CHANGE. SHE'S MARVELLOUS NOW!

Read what the Doctor told Mrs. Green...

"YOUR HEALTH DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU EAT—EVERY DAY. TODAY'S SOFT, OVER-COOKED FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS FOR REGULAR ELIMINATION. KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN SUPPLIES SMOOTH-ACTING BULK WHICH HELPS PREPARE INTERNAL WASTES FOR EASY, GENTLE AND NATURAL ELIMINATION. YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES."

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V205

White Witch Doctor

It was Aganza who saved my life. She drenched me with frequent and liberal doses of the nastiest brew any witch doctor ever cooked up. In three weeks I was on my feet again, shaky, weak, and perhaps for the first time in my life meekly submissive to authority.

After I had explained to Aganza just what blackwater fever is, she had sent word via the drums to young Dr. Early who was now stationed with his father at Tani. He in turn had cabled my condition to America, and back had come a reply which had said in effect, "Go up to Big Bush and bring that old war horse out, by the hair of her head if necessary, and put her on a boat for home."

Very well, I would go, not because I was ready, but because I must. Dr. Charles was coming up later to take over my work in Big Bush, and a young fellow would take over at Tani.

I started to pack, and although there were many hands to help me, there was much I must do alone. For my work really consisted mostly of unpacking and discarding.

How could I, why should I, carry my treasures halfway around the world when I would never again really be permitted to use them? When they would be merely spread out for the unknowing and unappreciative to gaze at?

I could hear their remarks: "Just think of savages making things like that!"

Not I laid article after article aside. Aganza could use this, or Dr. Charles and his wife, or Jackie.

When my packing was finally completed, I had two little rolls of clothing; an elephant tusk; and a place setting of forged iron—knife, fork, and two spoons. The local blacksmith had made them for me out of nodules of iron that I had picked up from among the roots of the veld grass.

I had used them for so many years that I knew the product of the silversmith's art was going to seem strange in my hands and on my lips.

At prayer meeting, the night before I left N'Tiarte, my people expected me to speak to them, and I dutifully prepared as nearly a formal sermon as I was capable of.

But when I stood before my people for the last time, I was wordless. Several times I opened my mouth, but it was beyond my power to push sentences out from between my teeth.

Then young Dr. Early, who had been sitting behind me on the platform, arose and asked my people if he might tell them a story. Their eyes gleamed with surprise, and he was already talking before they nodded assent. I was surprised, too, but I sank back into the chair behind me with immense relief.

I can't put down for you just what Dr. Early said, but words were easy for him, and he had been properly trained to speak before all kinds of groups.

I have always enjoyed good sermons; nevertheless, my heart was so full of tears that night that I scarcely heard what he was saying until I realised that he was talking about me—and borrowing the theme I had used when I faced the congregation in Tani my first night there a quarter of a century before.

He used my old figure of speech of the woman at her cooking fire of an evening being stronger because of the protection of the flame dancing under her pot than the biggest man with the heaviest-headed spear who stood alone in the darkness.

The sermon wasn't long, but I could see the faces in front of me gleam with satisfaction as Dr. Early sat down beside me. The next minute I arose with the congregation, but I couldn't sing with them be-

Continued from page 62

cause my heart was suddenly flooded with such faith as comes to the best of us perhaps no more than once in a lifetime.

The tears that had drenched my heart for days now overflowed, but they had become a woman's tears of thankfulness and joy.

Aganza put me to bed that night as though I were a child. I tried to tell her that if I had done nothing more than discover her, my life in Africa had been well worthwhile. She smiled at me and patted my cheek gently.

It was cold and foggy when we started out the next morning. One of Jackie's sons went with us for a short distance as "dew drier." Aganza, too, trotted along beside my tipoye, holding my hand in hers. I kept telling her she mustn't come too far, but whenever I did she only squeezed my hand the harder.

She stood thus, silent while the carriers rested for a moment, but when they picked up the poles of my tipoye again, I knew she was saying good-bye. They knew it, too, for they stood waiting.

There were many words in her heart, I knew, but as it had been with me the night before, they were fledgling words. Silently she put a hand into the bosom of her dress and drew out a little parcel wrapped in a segment of banana leaf.

"For her who bore you, mama. This is for her who bore you." Then she turned and plodded away.

I watched until she disappeared around a bend in the trail, but the old woman never looked back, not even once.

AFTER Aganza had disappeared, I picked up the parcel. By my fingers, I could tell what it contained: a handful of peanuts. Intrinsically worthless! But such a gift is the highest compliment one African can pay another; it is a mark of the greatest love and respect for one woman to so honor another's mother.

I knew what tribal custom demanded of me. Had my mother been living, I must go straight to her immediately, ignoring all other duties however pressing, and, once there, lay the parcel of peanuts on her knees. My mother being dead, I must go to the little spirit house reserved for her.

But what would people think of me? Good, Midwestern farmers, totally ignorant of the customs of people living sometimes only a step beyond their visual horizon? They would consider me absolutely crazy should I do what Aganza expected.

But then, why shouldn't I? I had brought the customs of these same farmers to Africa and had asked Aganza and her people to accept them. But couldn't there be something reciprocal in it? Why shouldn't I carry a little bit of Africa back to America?

I knew then as I swayed along in my tipoye that I would do it. When I reached home, I would go immediately to the little rural cemetery where my mother had slept these many years.

There, before the "spirit house" that she shared with my father, I would lift up my voice and call upon my mother until—well, until Aganza, if she were with me, would be sure the spirit had awakened and was listening.

Then I would tell my mother of this wonderful old black woman who so loved and honored her for the daughter she had borne. I would do all this, just as the custom of my black-skinned sisters demanded of me, and I would leave out no tiniest portion of the rite.

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NOW he was almost calm, not even looking at me. He said, after a pause, speaking in a quicker, more eager voice, "It's still not too late! We could have a whole day together if you can arrange to get away."

I nodded, my fingers curling round his. "I can arrange it—except marriage day, of course. Someone can take my place for one evening performance."

Before we parted it was all fixed for the next day. He would meet me at the cross-roads in his car at half-past nine, and in the space of less than an hour we would put miles and miles between us and the circus.

It was later than usual when I reached the fairground. Already it was shrouded in darkness and most of the caravan lights were extinguished. In my little "home" I relaxed on the chintz-covered bunk, staring dreamily at a vase of yellow chrysanthemums on the table.

Beside the vase was a folded note I had not noticed at first. I recognised Jacques' bold handwriting: Practice in the ring to-morrow morning at ten sharp. Important, he had written. It was a command, but it registered nothing with me because already my mind was full of excited anticipation of the whole day I should be spending with Johnny. I would scribble Jacques a note and ask someone else to give it to him.

That whole day. It stands out in my memory as a peak of happiness, a climax to all the romantic moments Johnny and I had shared together on the hilltop overlooking the circus.

It was late when I returned to the fairground and the audience were straggling out of the big tent, the band playing the stirring finale with which they always wound up. I stood watching the relaxed, unhurried activity that signalled the end of another successful performance. The red uniformed

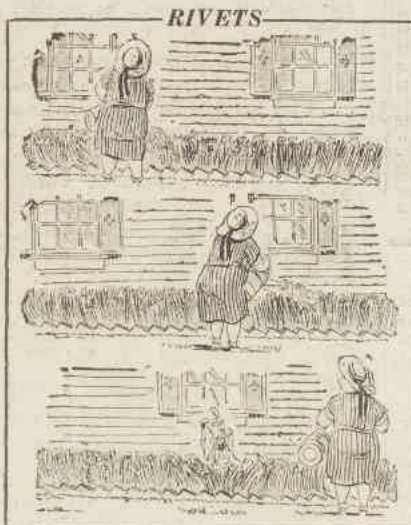
Merry Go Round

Continued from page 55

attendants were busy with brooms, and coming towards me, leading White Queen, was Jacques.

Even before his first words I could see that he was furious. "What do you mean, sending me a message that you couldn't turn up this morning?" he demanded, harshly. "I wanted to put you in the act to-night. There was a special reason. A promoter was in front. That means anything to you?" He was here to spot fresh talent. Know what he said after my act? Fine, he said, but it would have been better with feminine assistance! See what you've done? You and your previous engagement, your—your mooning after a mere philanderer. It was this last reference, intended for Johnny, that stung me.

I lifted my hand, staring Jacques full in the face. "That's enough. Don't say any more. I'm going away. I hate the circus, and you especially," I snapped at him, and brought my hand smartly on to his cheek.



I flung a coat over my dress, and almost ran down the lane to the road which led to the town. It was not really late when I reached Johnny's place. I had never been there before.

In the twilight over the front door, with the light shining on it, was a card which read: "Rooms. Bed and Breakfast." I knocked at the door and waited.

The woman who opened the door was timid and middle-aged, but she seemed friendly. When I asked for "Mr. Lawrence," she hesitated a moment and then told me, "I don't believe he's back yet. He came in a short while ago, but went out again—to make a phone call, I believe. Is it important? Would you care to come in and wait?"

I took a bold plunge. "Yes, I'd like to wait, please, I'm—I'm Mr. Lawrence's fiancée. It's important. I should see him to-night," I said steadily.

Immediately her interest deepened, as I had felt sure it would. "His fiancée? My goodness, of course you must come and wait. How pleased he'll be to see you!" She closed the front door and led me down a passage. "This is his room." She went on chattering while I stared around the room.

"Yes, you see he keeps your photograph on his dressing-table," she said.

I stared at the photograph in the large silver frame. It was so natural, the eyes so full of vitality, that it was almost as if the girl were in the room with us. Blonde hair, dark expressive eyes. . . . "All my love, Johnny, your Patricia," she had written across the bottom left-hand corner, the way every girl signs her photographs for the man she loves.

I looked from the photograph to Johnny's landlady still at my side, conscious of her sudden silence.

My favorite poem

Here is the favorite poem of Mrs. Mary H. Ruwoldt, of Albert Street, Broadway, Glenelg, South Australia. Send us your favorite lines.

*I*N the Spring when the wattle gold trembles
Twixt shadow and shine,
When each dew-laden air draught resembles
A long draught of wine;
When the skyline's blue burnish'd resistance
Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,
Some songs in all hearts hath existence,—
Such songs have been mine.
They came in all guises, some vivid
To clasp and to keep;
Some sudden and swift as the livid
Blue thunder-flame's leap.

—From A Dedication, by Adam Lindsay Gordon.

I walked past her back into the hall towards the front door. "It's all right. I'm sorry I lied to you. There's no need to tell Mr. Lawrence that I came," I said in a tight, unnatural voice.

How long I cried into my pillow that night I don't know. I just flung myself on top of the covers and let misery take the upper hand. I had left my light burning, and my door half-open. I didn't care who heard me. I didn't care about anything.

I must have sobbed myself into a doze. It was Jacques who roused me, putting a blanket over me, stroking back my hair from my damp cheeks. "I—I didn't think you'd take it so much to heart," he stammered, kneeling beside me. It took me a few seconds to fully understand what he meant. Then I smiled wanly. "It's all right."

He felt for my hand and held it tightly between his own. It felt very warm and comforting somehow. "You mustn't go away, Lilla. I couldn't do without you, honestly.

I don't mean just the act. Even if you decided you wouldn't go into the ring again I'd still want you around, sharing whatever success I had."

His voice broke off and I knew he was waiting for me to say something. I thought that if I liked I could have told him that he was making a big mistake, thinking that all my grief was on his account, because of the hateful way he had behaved. . . . I could have told him about Johnny and the way he had behaved, but—no, I didn't want to tell him about that.

So all I said was, "All right, Jacques, I'll stay. Please go on holding my hand until I fall asleep." And the last conscious thought I had was sort of prophetic, like Madame Rosena and her fortune-telling. One day Jacques and I will be famous, we'll be happy ever after. . . .

Funny, but Madame Rosena did tell me soon afterwards that I'd marry a dark and handsome stranger. Jacques is dark and handsome, but he isn't a stranger.

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Page 65

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Legal Bride

Continued from page 9

RISING, Ben rummaged in a desk and produced a slip of paper for Abigail to see. "It's just a copy of a note that Kallen wanted me to sign," he said. "In fact, he insisted on my signing it. I gathered that if I didn't I'd never get out of there."

She examined the paper, which was a carbon of a hastily typed loan form in reasonably accurate language. The essence of it was that Ben Castle acknowledged the receipt of sixty thousand dollars advanced to him by Harry Kallen, and agreed to repay the sum after one year, together with five per cent. interest per annum.

"Naturally I'll have to check on this," Abigail said, "but offhand I'd say that Mr. Kallen hasn't much chance of collecting from you if he decides to go to court. As you probably know, gambling debts are not collectible in most States, but this is a note signed in Nevada where gambling is legal. That lends complications." She drew a deep breath.

"Besides which," she continued, "the note here is an imperfectly drawn instrument. The signatures are not witnessed, obviously Mr. Kallen did not advance any sixty thousand dollars to you, and so forth. The moral obligation that you may or may not feel to repay him is another matter. It would not come within the compass of a court action. On the whole, Mr. Castle, I do not believe you have cause for worry."

"Oh, yes, I have," Ben said. "Apparently you haven't quite grasped the character of Harry Kallen. He's a gent who takes his losses seriously, and he knows men who have guns. Last week a friend of Mr. Kallen's called me and said that if I didn't beg, borrow, or steal the money to pay off, something awful might happen to me."

"But I thought your agreement was that you would pay off on a time basis?"

"Kallen has changed his mind. Now he wants the money on the barrelhead."

"In that case," Abigail said, "you seem to be getting beyond the powers of an ordinary attorney. Shouldn't you inform the police of Mr. Kallen's threat?"

"I have a strong feeling that would be my last mistake."

"Do you have an obligation to repay the money—from your standpoint, and morally, I mean?"

"Sure. It's simply a question of where to lay hands on the dough. I'm already behind on my income tax payments. Everything else is mortgaged. And the studio is suspicious of me and won't give me an advance. Nobody I know has sixty thousand dollars that they're willing to bet on me either."

"Well," Abigail said, "I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"Listen," Ben said, "you've got to think of something. Mr. Graves said you were wonderful. He said if I could just put you under a retainer, my troubles would be over."

Abigail was conscious of a little glow at this and reminded herself that she must thank Mr. Graves.

She said, "We should have an interview with this Mr. Kallen. I might talk with him, in the character of your counsel, and try to work out an equitable arrangement. Where can I get hold of him?"

"He's in Las Vegas. Why don't you fly up there to-night? I'll go with you."

"Very well," Abigail got up, gave him her card, returned the copy of the note, and lifted her briefcase.

Ben favored her with a parting smile that covered his face.

"You've been simply charming," he said, "and you're not nearly as plain as you alleged. I'll arrange all about the plane."

Oddly stirred, flustered, and be-

mused, Abigail returned to the Fogarty Building. Gratitude caused her to go directly to Mr. Graves' office. The worn little man was engaged in totting up the account of some other profligate client.

"I've had a talk with Mr. Castle," Abigail said. "He's an odd sort of man."

Mr. Graves gave her an intent look. "He is, isn't he? Can you help him?"

"Well, I'm going to try."

"Good for you."

"He mentioned how highly you have spoken of me," Abigail said. "I certainly appreciate the boost. It's nice of you to remember a poor female barrister."

Mr. Graves gave her that intent look again. "Don't mention it."

"I'm going to Las Vegas with him to-night, so I'll have to run along." Pausing at the door, Abigail added, "By the way, is he married? I forgot to ask."

"No," Mr. Graves said.

"I see," Abigail said. "Good afternoon, and thank you."

When Alice Norman, the handsome beautician with whom she shared a little apartment, came home, Abigail was packing a bag.

They went into the tiny dinette adjoining the kitchen, and over their usual meagre meal Abigail told Alice her story.

It left Alice frankly astounded. "A.J.," Alice said, "I have always regarded you as a nice, uninteresting girl. I'm a woman of the world, and I want to remind you of a few things. Don't try to be anything except a lawyer. Don't get drunk. As soon as the discussion on that note is finished, grab a plane and come home to Aunt Alice."

"Roger," Abigail said.

THE doorbell rang. It was Nacio, Castle's Filipino servant, in a dark coat and black bow tie now, and smiling.

"Ready to go?" he said. "Shall take bag?"

Abigail turned to Alice, who had grown tense. "This is it, Alice. I'm off. See you in a day or two."

"Well," Alice said, "it still sounds funny to me. Remember, act like a lawyer, not a woman. And if worst comes to worst, insist on a church ceremony."

"A church ceremony," Abigail said. "I've got it, Alice."

Flinging her room-mate a light kiss, she bounded along the front walk after Nacio. Ben's limousine was suitably large, black and glittering. She settled herself comfortably on the deep rear cushion. Abigail came out and waved gloomily. Abigail blew her another kiss as the limousine rolled away.

At the airport in Inglewood, Nacio let Abigail out while he parked the car, reappearing soon with her bag.

"Come by me," he said, "Don't know where Mr. Castle are."

She followed him into the waiting-room. Ben was nowhere in evidence. "Probably in bar," Nacio said.

He was quite correct. Ben gestured from the dim interior, and they went over to him. He grinned at Abigail and patted the bar stool next to him.

"My dear attorney," he said, "Sit down, honey, and have a drink. Nacio, why don't you wait for us outside?"

"Will wait," Nacio said.

The bartender walked up and looked at them expectantly. "Thank you," Abigail said. "I don't drink."

"Now I remember," Ben said. "You told me that this afternoon."

He gazed at her admiringly. "Clear eyes and a steady hand for the negotiations, huh?"

Please turn to page 68

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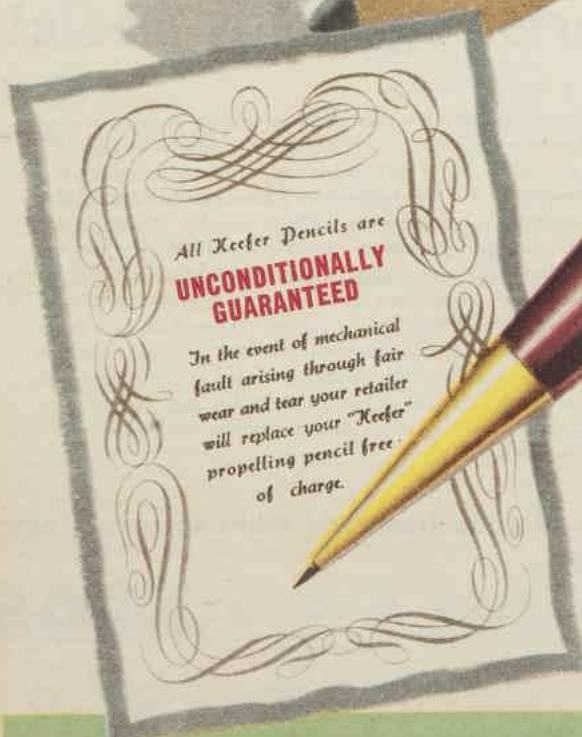
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THE bartender smiled and left to mix Ben another highball. Fumbling in her purse, Abigail produced cigarettes. Ben accepted one from her. "When does our plane leave?" she said.

"Oh, pretty soon," Ben said. "Say, what is your first name?"

"Abigail—Abigail Jane."

"A nice old-fashioned name. Do you object to my calling you Abigail?"

"No," Abigail said.

"Call me Ben," Ben said. He leaned forward towards her and tapped her forearm for emphasis. "I have an urge to tell you something."

"Why don't you?"

"I have your word of honor that this will go no further?"

"On my word," said Abigail solemnly.

"I'm drunk," Ben said.

There was a little silence. The loud-speaker blared that a Nevada-bound plane was loading on the ramp.

"Isn't that our plane they announced?" Abigail said.

"I'm sure it isn't," Ben answered. He rapped on the bar. "I'm having another drink."

"No. You're not," Abigail said. "You're going to pay your bill and catch that plane with me."

"That's not our plane!" Ben said. "Abigail, you and I'd better have an understanding right here at the beginning of our happy association. I never take advice from people on what to do, even from legal lights. I don't like having such advice offered. Besides which, I particularly don't like bossy women. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," Abigail responded. "And I particularly don't like drunken cowboys. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," Ben said. "Furthermore . . ."

"We need go neither further nor more. What you need, Ben, is a new

counsel. Either you pay your bill and go or I bid you good evening."

"Whatever you say, A.J.," Ben said. He pushed himself off the stool, staggered slightly, shoved some money across the counter and followed Abigail.

Outside, they crossed a wide strip of concrete, passing under the looming wings of several airliners, and stopped by a little single-engine ship painted silver and blue.

"Get Hall, will you?" Ben said to Nacio.

Nacio trotted off. Abigail glanced around uneasily.

"I thought we were going on that airliner they announced," she said.

"Mingle with the vulgar herd?" Ben said. "I should say not. Nothing is too good for my dear attorney."

In a few minutes' time, Jack Hall and Nacio appeared. Hall was a big, bristly-haired young man in a leather flying jacket. He greeted Ben casually and shook hands with Abigail.

"Where to this time?" Hall asked.

"Las Vegas, again?"

"You've guessed it," Ben said.

With the aid of Hall's hand, Abigail climbed uneasily into the narrow little cabin of the plane. There were two pairs of seats arranged in tandem. She sat down in the right rear seat, and the pilot helped her hook the safety belt.

Hall settled himself in the left front seat. Ben slammed the door shut and moved forward to sit beside him.

"By the way," Ben said, "I don't think I explained—Miss Fumival is my lawyer, Jack."

A faint ironical note was in Hall's answer: "Is that a fact?"

They waved good-bye to Nacio. The starter whined, and the engine

started with a roar. The little ship lurched forward . . .

As they drove into Las Vegas from the airport, Abigail peered wonderingly from the cab windows. First there was the dark and treeless isolation of the desert, and then a gaudy blast of cars, people, buildings, and illumination.

Hall had the driver stop at a down-town corner, and climbed from the cab. He told them he was going to his hotel and would probably see them around.

"We won't be leaving until tomorrow," Ben said. "Late to-morrow, I guess. You can risk having a drink with me sometime to-night."

"I shouldn't wonder, Deadeye," Hall replied. He glanced in his off-hand manner at Abigail; a flicker of something between pity and contempt was in his eyes.

ABIGAIL and Ben went on in the cab along a wide street lined with stores and auto courts and signs advertising entrepreneurs who arranged weddings day or night. Beyond a main intersection, the spaces between buildings became wider. Ben showed Abigail the vast, dark skeleton of a structure.

"Newest and biggest hotel yet," he said. "Guess who is building it."

"Mr. Kallen?" Abigail guessed.

"None other. I hear he has sunk every cent he can beg, borrow, or steal in it—especially steal."

Far ahead a huge red waggon wheel flamed in the darkness. Ben pointed out a white stucco building lettered the Pastime Club. "Mr. Kallen's gambling den," he said.

"Why don't we go in and get it over with?" Abigail said.

"We're too early," Ben replied.

Legal Bride

Continued from page 66

"This is a late town, and Kallen never shows up before midnight."

Behind the electric waggon wheel lay a huge hotel, complete with main swimming-pool and a wedding chapel done in the style of the 1880 frontier.

Abigail was amazed, and remained amazed, when a bellhop in boots took her bag and she was led into a lobby whose walls bristled with old Winchester and the stuffed heads of animals. A grizzled desk clerk with a red bandanna handkerchief for a cravat received Ben enthusiastically.

"Mr. Castle!" the clerk said. "Glad to have you with us again, sir. Will it be the usual?"

"Why, podnah," Ben drawled, "you know I never want no more than just a fence post to tie my cayuse to, an' a piece of dry ground to spread my bed-roll on. In the mornin', of course, you might bring out a little greasewood so I can cook my flapjacks."

The clerk and the bellhop laughed immoderately as Ben signed the register. But when they looked at Abigail, she saw in their eyes the same veiled contempt as Hall's. She stepped forward to the desk.

"No necessity for your registering, Miss," the clerk said. "You're with Mr. Castle, and he's taking care of things."

"This is Miss Fumival," Ben said.

"My lawyer."

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Fumival," the clerk said, and grinned unobtrusively.

"I'll register anyway," Abigail said grimly.

She signed her name with a flourish, and added her address in full. On the portion of the card labelled "Business" she wrote "Attorney-at-law." The clerk looked solemnly at Ben.

LOOKING a trifle abashed, Ben said, "Miss Fumival is a member of the California bar." He stopped to clear his throat. "She's in Las Vegas to handle an important deal for me."

"Oh," the clerk said. "Boy! Here's the key. Take Miss Fumival and Mr. Castle to bungalow sixteen."

They left the lobby, traversed a large expanse of grass, where a fountain played, and arrived at a group of bungalows. Number sixteen was set back a bit from the others. It had a parlor that formed the connecting link between two large bedrooms with baths. The whole was charmingly furnished and air-conditioned.

"Why don't you take the left-hand bedroom, A.J.?" Ben asked. "It'll give you a view of the mountains in the morning."

The bellhop put Abigail's bag in the room. Abigail walked as far as the doorway and halted uncertainly.

"I don't know whether I ought to stay here, Ben," she said. "It's—"

"I know what you mean, angel," Ben said, "but you're on the wrong track. I need a lawyer, not an ever-loving girl-friend, and that's a fact."

"Oh, it's not you," Abigail said. "I just thought that other people might misunderstand."

"Now that I come to think of it," Ben said, "they're bound to. You stay out here, A.J.—it's a real nice place. I'll trot over and get myself a room in the main part of the hotel."

"No, never mind," Abigail said.

The bellhop had put Ben's things in the right bedroom and Ben tipped him lavishly.

"That was far too much to give him," Abigail commented, as the outer door closed.

"Go and powder your funny face," Ben said. "I'll see you in a little while."

Please turn to page 69

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Legal Bride

Continued from page 68

GOING into the bedroom, Abigail wandered up and down for a time. All at once she was a little tired and vaguely unhappy. She looked at her watch and was amazed to see that it was late. Rising, she washed and then changed her blouse.

"Hey!" Ben said. "May I come in?"
"Come ahead."
He opened the door and leaned negligently against the jamb, regarding her quizzically. He was now completely the cowboy—with a gay neckerchief knotted around the collar of his flamboyant shirt. She was aware of an annoying flush rising in her cheeks.

"What were you doing for so long?" he asked. "Worrying over what people might think?"

"That's a leading question. Shall we go and see your creditor?"

They took a cab to the Pastime Club. Ben inquired for Harry Kallen.

"He ain't here," a burly man said. "Usually at this time of night he's eating his dinner down town. You might find him in Pepino's Restaurant if you're in a hurry. That's on Frontier Street."

"Thanks," Ben said.
The burly man looked at him closely. "Ain't you Mr. Castle?"

"None other," Ben said.

"Then you're in a hurry," the burly man said. "Try Pepino's."

Another taxi brought them down town.

"Say," the driver said, "ain't you Ben Castle, the actor?"

"Podnah," Ben said. "I am."

"I seen you in your new picture here last week, Mr. Castle," the driver said. "It sure was great."

"That's right nice of you to say so," Ben said.

At Pepino's, the driver asked him to sign his name on the inside of a match cover. Ben complied agreeably and tipped too much. The driver brightened and said he had two kids who loved Ben.

"My theory is," he said, "that it does them good to see guys like you in a show. They grow up wanting to do the same thing, and maybe the example you set will keep the little rats from drinking and smoking and chasing dames all the time. And gambling."

"I sure hope so, podnah," Ben replied. "If I can do anything to influence the youth of America towards a better life, I'll die happy." As they walked into Pepino's he added softly, "but I prefer not to die right away."

The ante-room of the restaurant consisted of a small bar, and Ben inspected it wistfully. Abigail took his arm and kept him moving. The large inner room was furnished with booths, over which brooded a mural in violent colors depicting various sanguinary episodes that involved cowboys and Indians. A girl with a stack of menu cards in her hand confronted them.

"We're looking for Harry Kallen," Ben said.

"Down there on the left-hand side."

They walked along the aisle to the last booth but one. Two men were sitting eating ravioli and salad.

"Hello, cowboy," Kallen said.

"Hello, Harry," Ben grinned back at him.

Harry Kallen turned his attention back to stuffing ravioli in his mouth. He was squat, black-haired, heavy, with oval black eyes and blue-jawed cheeks.

The little man beside him was old, bald-headed, and had a puckered countenance.

Kallen jerked his thumb at the little man. "This is Ricky," Kallen said. Ricky stared at Abigail with an intensely curious look—but he said nothing.

"I flew up here to see you, Harry," Ben said. "I've brought my lawyer to see you. Miss Abigail Jane Furnival." He pronounced the words with peculiar care, as though he wanted Kallen and Ricky to make no mistake about the name.

Kallen glanced at Abigail sharply; so did Ricky.

Ben sat down and took a leaf of Kallen's salad. "Suddenly I'm hungry," he said.

Kallen signalled a waitress. "Bring this guy some food, the same stuff as we have." He turned to Abigail. "Miss Furnival?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Kallen," Abigail said.

"And I'll have a double bourbon in ginger ale," Ben said.

"No, you won't," Abigail told him. "No, I won't," Ben said to the waitress.

Kallen looked from Ben to Abigail. "A real lawyer, huh?"

"That's right," Abigail said.

"Abigail Jane Furnival is going to do the talking concerning this matter between us, Harry," Ben said.

Abigail frowned at him. "Can't you refer to me merely as Miss Furnival? I doubt if Mr. Kallen is interested in my full name."

"It's a funny name," Kallen said.

"Maybe he's making a joke."

"It's no joke," Ben said.

"Mr. Kallen," Abigail said, "may I—"

"Not now," Kallen interrupted. "I got to finish eating." He finished in a methodical and deliberate fashion. The waitress brought Ben's food and Kallen ordered a cup of coffee and a sweet liqueur.

Abigail was getting a little nervous at the prospect of the negotiations before her. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

INSTANTLY Kallen's eyes were upon Abigail. "I see you smoke," he said. "Do you drink, too, Miss Furnival?"

"No," said Abigail. "Not that it's any of your affair."

Kallen smiled faintly; he put several teaspoonfuls of sugar in his coffee and stirred the treacly concoction. Abigail was pleased to observe that Ben was eating with an appetite.

"Can we talk now, Mr. Kallen?" she said.

Kallen sipped his coffee and then the liqueur. "I can," he said. He turned to Ben. "Look, cowboy," he said, "if you came up here to stall, it won't work. We haven't anything to talk about."

"As I understand the situation—" Abigail began.

"I'm talking to the cowboy," Kallen said abruptly, without even glancing at Abigail. "I don't need a lawyer to tell me that note's no good and that gambling debts are hard to collect. I've known those things since 1922, when I was hustling in an Omaha poolroom. They don't affect our situation." He looked at Ben very hard.

"Cowboy," said Kallen, "you know well enough"—he spoke the words slowly—"how I plan to settle it."

Ben grinned his most engaging silver-screen grin. "I still insist," he said, "that you speak to my lawyer. You got the name right, didn't you, Harry? Abigail Jane Furnival."

Kallen turned his head and stared at Abigail for a second. Ricky had been staring at her for much longer than that. For the first time, indecision arose in Kallen's black eyes. Then, surprisingly, Ricky said, "Talk to her, Harry. Go ahead—talk to her."

To be continued



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STAGE STAR Ivan Menzies, shown here happily with his wife and daughter, says his refusal to help in his house was part of an outmoded male attitude that nearly wrecked his marriage.

Less tyranny now in life with father

Once upon a time Father earned the family income, managed the finances, and made all the important decisions—which Mother dutifully accepted.

Mother ran the home, did the housework, and superintended the children.

BUT now, as author David Mace points out in his "Marriage Crisis," the frontiers have got blurred.

Father helps with the housework, bathes the baby, and deputises for mother when necessary. Mother often holds a job, makes the family budget, and shares in deciding policy.

If Father is no longer monarch of all he surveys, is it because he likes it that way? Is it a good thing, anyway, and how did it come about?

Changed economic and social conditions, the "emancipation" of women, and two world wars have accounted for the swing of family life from authority (father) and obedience (mother and children) to team-work, shared responsibility, and loyalty based on respect instead of fear.

These days father concedes his wife personal dignity—and a head—and proves it by helping with even the drearier household tasks.

Most husbands find that this sort of family life is fun. They grumble about their share of the chores, but it's in a half-proud way, as though boasting that their strong right arms are still the family mainstay although they no longer use them exclusively to lay down the law.

These days, too, when the acquisition of a home is a battle, many men appreciate their homes so much, when they finally get them, that they can scarcely be dragged away. Household tasks, once so despised, become desirable occupations.

And cynics (including wives) claim that an added reason for men

hopping into the housework instead of sitting back and letting their slippers be brought to them is that father is fascinated by the mechanics of modern household gadgets.

There are still some fathers who set themselves up as old-style masters of the house. Now and again, as in many partnerships, the weight of the burden is unfairly let fall on "poor old Dad."

For instance, when Family Affairs asked one husband if he was, or wanted to be, boss in his own home, he stopped in his tracks.

"I've got a wife and five daughters. How could I possibly be boss?" he asked.

Another husband said he often got sour because his wife not only treated him as a meal-ticket, but consistently "put it over" him by over-estimating housekeeping costs.

"Whenever I feel bitter about it I tell myself that it could be worse. I'd rather be the sort of tame performing pet I am than the family ogre wives are scared of and threaten their kids with," he said.

That sort send their wives into nervous breakdowns screwing up courage to ask for money to buy themselves a new dress.

Ivan Menzies, leading comedian of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company now touring Australia, didn't hesitate to admit that by trying to rule the domestic roost he came within a whisker of wrecking his marriage.

What's more, he made the admission in the presence of Mrs. Menzies, the former Gilbert and Sullivan star Elsie Griffin.

"During the first ten years of our marriage I was a domestic tyrant,"

Family Affairs

By KAY MELAUN,
staff reporter

he said. "In addition, I used to shrug off my tantrums by the stage name of artistic temperament.

"Of course it's dreadful to give yourself away like this," he added with a laugh in the direction of Mrs. Menzies.

Mrs. Menzies contributed little to the interview. But when her husband spoke of his domestic "regeneration," the twinkle in her blue eyes was eloquent.

"Not only did I scorn tasks like wiping up as being beneath my dignity and something exclusively reserved for women, but I wouldn't concede Elsie or Mahala, our daughter, any rights at all," Ivan Menzies said.

"By the time we were within three or four days of the divorce court I had done some heavy thinking.

"I decided that Pop's halo had slipped; that the sooner I got used to doing without it the better.

"But first I had to scrap all ideas that if I gave in I was soft, or had allowed my wife and daughter to put something over me.

"To my astonishment and gratification, my prestige went up tremendously."

Mr. Menzies quoted Herbert Morrison as saying that 90 per cent. of the business of the British House of Parliament would be simplified if members didn't go there after rows with their wives.

"I'd add that men wouldn't have rows with their wives if they stopped trying to rule their households with rods of iron," said Mr. Menzies.

"Whereas once I used to boast that I wouldn't wash up for any woman, I am convinced now that it takes character and real caring for your wife and family to make you handle a dish-cloth.

"And when you make such gestures, simply and naturally, it's the beginning of new relationships, not only with your family but with the world."

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

MRS. TRENT was flabbergasted. Bobby had always refused tomatoes. And yet here he was trying them out and giving every indication that he was enjoying them.

Bobby's friend Eileen had been invited to lunch. Tomatoes were high on her list of favorite foods. Bobby watched her eating them with relish. And then he asked for some.

The fact that Eileen liked them

was apparently the deciding factor. Before, Bobby had somehow felt his mother was trying to "put something over" on him. But when his favorite friend ate them, they must be worth trying.

In eating problems, and in many other things, the influence of companions may be more effective than that of grown-ups. The nursery-school teacher, supervising lunch for five or six children, often has an easier job than the mother with one child for this very reason.



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KRAFT EGGS GOLDILOCKS

6 hardcooked eggs; 6 slices bread; 8 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 3 tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise; salt and pepper to taste; sprigs of parsley.

Cut eggs in half lengthwise; remove yolks, mash with Mayonnaise; add salt and pepper; refill egg whites. Remove crusts from bread, cut in half diagonally and toast. Arrange toast halves on plate and top each with a stuffed egg half. Melt cheese in hot milk till it forms a sauce; pour the creamy-smooth Kraft cheddar sauce over eggs; garnish with parsley and serve at once. Serves 6.

Slice it, shred it, toast or melt it. Kraft Cheese is always better in cooking, and always keeps that delicious, mellow, cheddar flavour.



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Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"Kraft Cheese and new-laid eggs are 'naturals' for hot, quick, tasty breakfasts, lunches and suppers," says Elizabeth Cooke. "There's nourishment, too, in every ounce of Kraft Cheese—more energy-giving proteins than in the best cuts of meat." Kraft Cheese also gives you eleven times more calcium than in cream, plus vitamins A, B₂ and D, and the milk minerals so necessary for daily growth and health.

How much Cheese is thrown away as Rind? Kraft Cheese has no rind—it's all pure cheese. Hygienically packed and sealed in its unique foil wrapper, it stays fresh, moist and flavoursome to the very last slice. And Kraft Cheese is *pasteurised* for purity.

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W.W. 4/11



DOUBLE DECKERS

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Make use of these double-decker ideas to give new interest and flavor to salads, cakes, desserts, sandwiches, and easy-to-serve main dishes

SAVORY or sweet dishes assembled in layers are easy to prepare, and if the flavor combinations are carefully chosen they are delicious.

Take two layers of economical two-egg sponge, for example. Joined with any well-drained stewed fruit (and perhaps a layer of whipped cream) and topped with nutty meringue, they make a good quick dessert.

Salads offer wide scope for the double-decker idea. Sliced pineapple, cucumber, white onion, apple, tomato, and cheese are a few of the ingredients which are easily adapted to give a layered effect.

Double-decker sandwiches need no recommendation — plain or toasted they are always good.

All spoon measurements are level.

DOUBLE-DECKER SANDWICHES

Four slices white bread, 2 slices brown bread (all cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick), butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup minced cold meat (corned beef, home-cooked or tinned, is very appetising), 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 or 3 small gherkins (finely chopped), grilled bacon rashers, sliced tomato, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, extra mayonnaise, 2 or 4 stuffed olives, salad snippets to garnish.

Lightly butter white bread on one side only, lightly butter brown bread on both sides. Mix minced meat, mayonnaise, and gherkins, spread over two of the white slices. Top with the brown slices. Cover with bacon, tomato, and chopped parsley. Dust with salt and pepper. Place white slices on top. Trim crusts, cut sandwiches into triangles. Arrange on serving platter, garnish with stuffed olives speared on cocktail sticks, extra mayonnaise, and salad snippets.

Alternative Fillings

First Layer: Creamed minced rabbit flavored with grated cheese and onion. Second Layer: Bacon, tomato, and chopped parsley as detailed above.

First Layer: Minced cold meat, mayonnaise, and chopped gherkins, as given above. Second Layer: Mashed and curried hard-boiled eggs softened with butter and flavored with salt, pepper, and a hint of onion.

DOUBLE-DECKER TOMATO SALAD

Six thick slices pineapple (fresh or tinned), 6 thick slices tomato, 6oz. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons milk, paprika or finely chopped red or green sweet pepper (par-boiled), rolled ham, lettuce, radishes, celery, parsley.

Arrange a slice of tomato on top of each pineapple slice. Soften cream cheese with milk, spoon on to tomato slices or pipe from a bag. Sprinkle with paprika or chopped red or green pepper. Arrange on salad platter with rolled ham, lettuce, radishes, celery, and parsley.

Continued on page 74

HERE are four good examples of the double-decker or layered effect carried out with sweet and savory dishes. Pork sausage meat, apple, and chutney make the pork and apple burgers (top left); sponge cake filled with pineapple and cream and topped with meringue is a delicious sweet. Three layers of bread and two of filling make the ever-popular double-decker sandwiches; pineapple, tomato, and cream cheese star in the salad.



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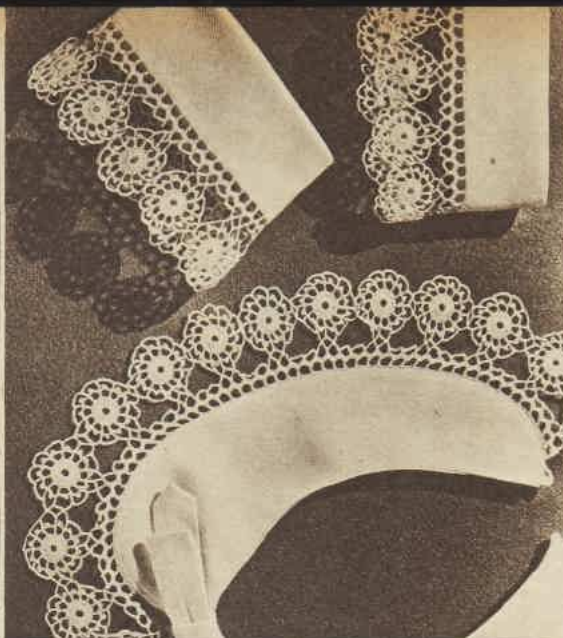
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Collar and cuff set

● Plain white collars and cuffs can be turned into luxury-grade accessories by the addition of simple crochet motifs as shown.

THESE decorative crochet motifs can trim any kind of collar and cuffs set. They are crocheted on to rick-rack braiding, joined together, and then attached to the collar and cuffs.

Here are the directions for the crochet trim:
Materials: One ball (20 gram) Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 60; rick-rack braid; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 5

Tension: Motif, 1½ in. in diameter.
Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

COLLAR

Heading: Attach thread to first point of rick-rack, 1 d.c. into same place, 6 ch., * 1 tr. into next point, 3 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. Fasten off.

Scalloped Edge: Attach thread to first point (on opposite side of heading), 1 d.c. into same place, * 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next point; repeat from * across. Fasten off.

First Motif: Commence with 10 ch., join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., 23 tr. into ring, join with sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch.

A CRISP and immaculate collar and cuffs set like this will give a smart lift to the plainest dress.

from hook (picot), * 1 ch., miss next tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook (another picot); repeat from * all round, ending with 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 7 ch.

3rd Row: 10 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into first loop at right of scalloped edge, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on motif, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next loop on scalloped edge, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on motif, * 7 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.; repeat from * all round, ending with 1 sl-st. in 3rd of 10 ch. Fasten off.

Second Motif: Work as for first motif until 2 rows are completed.

3rd Row: 10 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd free loop from joining on previous motif, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on second motif, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next loop on first motif, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on second motif, 7 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 ch., miss 2 loops on scalloped edge, 1 sl-st. into next loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on motif, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next loop on scalloped edge, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. on motif, 7 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., and complete row as for first motif.

Make necessary number of motifs joining them as second motif was joined to scalloped edge and first motif. Whip edging in place along outer edges of collar.

CUFF (make two)

Heading: Attach thread to first point of rick-rack, 1 d.c. into same place, 7 ch., * 1 tr. into next point, 4 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. Fasten off. Continue same as collar, whipping edging in place along outer edges of cuffs. Damp and press.

DOUBLE DECKER from page 73

PINEAPPLE NUT DESSERT

Two eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup hot milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup crushed pineapple (drained free of syrup), 1 egg-white, 4 extra tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, chopped walnuts, whipped cream.

Beat eggs until light and fluffy, gradually add sugar and beat 5 minutes. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then hot milk and vanilla mixed with melted butter. Bake in 2 greased 7 in. sandwich-tins in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. Beat egg-white to meringue consistency with extra sugar, add lemon rind. Spread one half of cake, top with nuts. Pin a layer of greased paper around cake to prevent sides drying out. Place cake on greased paper on up-

turned cake-tin, return to very moderate oven to set meringue. When quite cold, assemble sponge with pineapple and whipped cream between the layers.

PORK AND APPLE BURGERS

Two pounds pork sausages, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 deserts-portion finely chopped shallot or 1 teaspoon grated onion, fat, 6 or 7 thick slices red-skinned apple (core removed), sweet chutney.

Skin sausages, mix meat with parsley and shallot or onion. Shape into 6 or 7 patties about ¾ in. to 1 in. thick. Brown lightly on both sides in small quantity of fat. Lift into greased slab-tin, top each patty with an apple slice thickly spread with chutney. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Add extra chutney before serving hot.

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W72-0177

Page 75

BUDGET PRICED FOUNDATIONS FOR EVERY FIGURE AND FITTING



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125: Medium cup brassiere, satin and
allover lace. Adjustable shoulder straps.
Nude, white. 32-36".

95: Step-in of satin, power-net side
panels. Average fitting. Zip
fastener (push-lined). Nude. 24-30".

1062: Longer-line Brassiere, built-
up shoulder, side fastening.
Imported satin and lace. Nude.
34 to 44".

230: Dance Belt, medium
depth. Fine quality imported
satin, front panel lace over
satin. Nude, white. Actual
waist measurement 22-30".



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 671—BOY'S PLAYSUIT WITH SOUTHWESTER

Ideal for summer days for the small lad. The outfit is cut out ready
to make in check cotton gingham in red and white, yellow and white,
or sage-blue and white. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., suit 7/11, sou'wester 4/6,
complete set 11/3. Length 19in., 3 yrs., suit 7/11, sou'wester 4/6,
complete set 12/3. Length 20in., 4 yrs., suit 8/6, sou'wester 4/11,
complete set 13/3. Length 21in., 5-6 yrs., suit 9/6, sou'wester 5/3,
complete set 14/6. Postage for suit, 11yd.; sou'wester, 4yd.; complete
set, 1/1.

No. 672—GIRL'S SUN-DRESS, PANTIES, AND BONNET

A delightful three-piece sun outfit for the wee miss cut out ready
to make in check cotton gingham in red and white, sage-blue and
white, or yellow and white. Sizes: Length 18in., 3 yrs., dress 10/3,
bonnet 4/9, panties 4/3, complete set 18/11. Length 19in., 4 yrs., dress
10/3, bonnet 4/11, panties 4/6, complete set 19/11. Length 20in., 5
yrs., dress 11/6, bonnet 5/3, panties 4/11, complete set 21/11. Length
21in., 5-6 years, dress 12/11, bonnet 5/9, panties 5/3, complete set
22/9. Postage for dress 11yd., bonnet 4yd., panties 4yd., complete
set 1/3.

No. 673—APRON

Big apron, featuring self trim and pretty pocket finish, is available cut
out ready to make, with motifs traced ready to embroider. The
material is organdie, and the color choice includes white, pastel
pink, blue, lemon, and green. Price 7/11, postage 10yd.

No. 674—APRON

Useful waist-tie apron cut out ready to make yourself in pretty floral
cotton in pastel tonings. Price 5/11, postage 6yd.

No. 675—STRING BAG

This string bag, always a convenient item, is cut out traced ready to
embroider in British headcloth in blue, lemon, green, pink, and
natural. Price 2/3, postage 3yd.

No. 676—TENNIS FROCK

Cool and casual in this sleeveless frock, featuring front buttoning and
pocket trim. Cut out ready to make in popular white pique. Sizes:
32-34in. bust, 22/11, postage 1/3; 36-38in. bust, 24/9, postage 1/3.



Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6198.—Beginner's pattern for girl's frock. Sizes 4,
6, 8, and 10 years for 20, 23, 27 and 31in. lengths.
Requires 2yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. to
1yd. 36in. contrast material. Special pattern price,
1/6.

F6195.—Attractive frock with large patch pockets. Sizes 32
to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in.
contrast material. Price, 2/3.

F6070.—Child's jodhpurs. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.
Requires 1½yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F6197.—Matron's frock. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires
4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/3.

F6196.—Smart summer frock with slash pockets and
buttoned down the front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires
4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6199.—Three-piece beach outfit comprising blouse,
skirt, and shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds.
36in. material. Price, 3/6.





SALMON KEDGEREE made with rice is a delicious and satisfying main dish for luncheon or dinner. Delicately flavored with curry, garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs and lemon, it looks tempting.

Rice revival gives scope for variety

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

After a long absence from the menu, rice, either in dishes that are old favorites or new ideas, will be certain of a welcome.

RICE has high nutritive value and is a versatile ingredient, useful for both sweet and savory dishes.

The method of cooking is simple: Wash thoroughly in two or three changes of fresh cold water, then drop into rapidly boiling salted water to which a thin piece of lemon rind has been added. Cook steadily (boiling, not simmering) about 20 minutes or until a few grains are easily crushed against the tip of a spoon.

Drain in a fine-meshed colander or strainer and pour cold water over rice in a steady stream to separate the grains. If required hot return to saucepan and stir with a fork over very low heat until rice is again hot.

JAMBOLAYA

Two slices bacon, 3 tablespoons finely diced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato pulp, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 3 cups cooked rice (about 1 cup uncooked), 2 cups coarsely chopped cooked sausage or tongue or a mixture of both (or use chicken with ham), 1 teaspoon thyme, chopped parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into strips and saute lightly in a saucepan until some fat has melted out. Add onion, cook gently until it starts to color, then stir in flour and brown lightly. Add tomato, water, salt, pepper. When boiling add rice and meat. Season with thyme and extra salt if necessary. Stir over low heat

10 minutes. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

SALMON KEDGEREE

One tin of salmon or other tinned fish cutlets, 3 dessertspoons butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more or less according to taste), 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 or 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Drain liquor from fish and mix with the milk. Remove bones and any dark skin from fish, break into flakes. Melt butter, add flour and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes over low heat. Stir in milk and fish liquor, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Mix flaked fish with half the rice, place in greased ovenware dish. Pour sauce over, top with sliced hard-boiled eggs and balance of rice. Reheat in moderate oven, garnish with lemon and parsley before serving piping hot.

APPLE AND RICE MERINGUE

Four apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, thin piece lemon rind, 1 cup cooked rice (about 1-3rd cup uncooked), 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, extra 1/4 cup sugar, vanilla, pinch salt.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Simmer with water, sugar, and lemon rind until apples are quite tender. Remove lemon rind, place apples in ovenware dish. Stir egg-yolks, milk, and 1/4 cup of the extra sugar into rice. Stir over low heat until sugar

PRIZE RECIPE

SPANISH RICE

Half cup rice, 3 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup hot water, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, pinch dried sage (or 1/4 teaspoon freshly chopped sage), 1/4 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 1/2 cups tomato pulp (made from fresh, skinned tomatoes), parsley to garnish.

Saute uncooked rice until light brown in 1 tablespoon of the butter; use a shallow, heavy pan. Add hot water and cook gently until rice has absorbed all the liquid. Place a lid over pan and continue cooking gently 5 to 10 minutes. Melt balance of butter in small saucepan, add onion and green pepper; brown lightly. Add tomato pulp gradually, stir until boiling; simmer 5 minutes. Season with sage, salt, and pepper. Pour over rice, cover pan and allow to cook gently until sauce has thickened and reduced. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Z. Silver, Betio, Tarawa, Gilbert Islands, Central Pacific.

is dissolved and mixture has thickened slightly. Spread over apples. Whip egg-whites stiffly with pinch of salt, add balance of sugar gradually and beat until meringue holds its shape. Flavor with vanilla. Pile roughly around edge of dish, bake in very moderate oven until meringue is just set. Serve hot or cold. Dish may be decorated with blanched almonds and cherries if desired.

RICE CUSTARD

Quarter cup rice, 1/2 pint water, pinch salt, thin piece lemon rind, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 large eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Wash rice well, drop into the water, which has been brought to boiling point, with salt and lemon rind. Cook until rice grains are soft when crushed against tip of spoon. Drain well, rinse with cold water to separate grains. Place milk, powdered milk, sugar, and eggs into a basin, beat until thoroughly mixed. Stir into rice, add vanilla. Pour into greased pie-dish, sprinkle with nutmeg, dot with butter. Stand pie-dish in larger dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven until custard is set, about 40 to 50 minutes.

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EARLY CARE OF THE FEET

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MUCH of the foot trouble in adult life could be avoided if parents recognised the great importance of the proper care of the feet from a baby's earliest days.

Of primary importance is proper pre-natal care, with a properly balanced diet and other essentials for good health. Then, natural feeding, proper bedding, well-fitting booties (not shrunken) in the earliest days, and, later, shoes with pliable

leather soles and made for the natural shape of the foot, and of a size to allow for growth and activity so that toes are never cramped or pushed out of their natural shape.

A leaflet giving helpful suggestions for the early care of baby's feet can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



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UNIVERSAL
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Famous in 62 Countries of the World.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL DEPARTMENTAL
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All homes can have modern interiors



LIVING-DINING-ROOM of Mr. and Mrs. William Cowper's flat is long and spacious. Although the lounge of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cowper's cottage is smaller, the same effect has been created by the careful selection of furniture and color scheme.



PRIMROSE WALLS, white woodwork, and dainty lily-of-the-valley design in green chintz drapes and coverings are a cool foil to bright sunshine that fills nursery of flat.



DAINTY FLORAL CHINTZ and a period suite are a charming combination that both sisters like. These furnishings in Mrs. William Cowper's flat are similar to those in her sister's cottage.



CORNER of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cowper's lounge-room in their cottage. Correct choice and placing of accessories is a neat way of giving the room a lively, open appearance.

● Two Sydney girls, Beth and Anne Stephenson, both recently married, have their homes at Killara (Sydney). Anne, who married Mr. William Cowper, has a modern duplex flat. Her sister Beth, married to Mr. Cowper's brother, Mr. Tony Cowper, has an older cottage. Both sisters have used modern ideas to create impression of space.



TO GIVE color to an otherwise inconspicuous corner of sun verandah of cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cowper added a bright frill to the traymobile and made matching wall bookshelves.

COTTAGE MADE TO LOOK LIKE MODERN FLAT



OLD STYLE EXTERIOR of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cowper's cottage. This is in strong contrast with the modern ideas they have used inside. Older style section of the lounge-room is shown above.

COLOR and furnishings that Mrs. Tony Cowper has chosen give the cottage the same modern atmosphere of her sister's flat.

To give an impression of spaciousness in rooms that were not large, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper together repainted all the inside walls in closely related pastel tones of primrose, blue, and pink.

In the lounge-room, which is quite small, they left two built-in window seats that many people would have removed. This overcame the necessity for occasional chairs that would have taken precious space.

With the same thought they selected furniture well scaled to the size of the room. Mr. Cowper designed suitably small tables, bookshelves, and wall shelves.

The duplex flat that Mr. and Mrs. William Cowper refurbished was comparatively new. Large modern living-rooms opening on to a sun balcony allowed them plenty of scope for open planning to give a restful sense of unrestricted spaciousness.

Entrance hall of the flat leads to the combined living-dining-room. In these rooms walls and ceilings are palest pink with woodwork a light grey-blue.

FLAT ENTRANCE, right, has spiral staircase with chromium railing and modern lighting fittings. Hall leads to equally modern interior. Windows and door of lounge, below, open on to wide sun balcony.



The lounge-room is furnished with the utmost simplicity to allow a clear view of the sun balcony through the glass door and wide window area of the room. The room forms a continuous flow of unbroken space with the dining-room.

The main bedroom has deep royal-blue floor coverings toning with paler blue walls and ceiling.

The nursery opens on to the sun balcony, allowing a breeze to pass into the room on hot summer days.

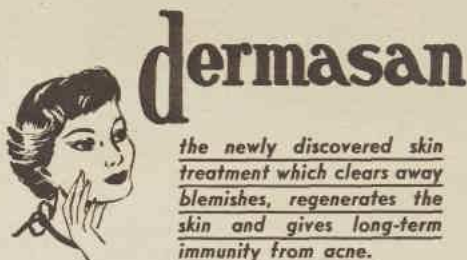
Although the sisters have achieved the same over-all effect, there is no marked similarity in details of decoration except in the main bedroom, where each has chosen a period bed and chintz drapes. Furnishings are individual, yet the two homes show that a modern outlook in design can be applied to an old type of house no less than to a new one.



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CLEARs ACNE QUICKLY—

and beautifies the complexion



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The cost of the DERMASAN treatment—which can now be purchased from all leading pharmacists—is 18/6. If you have any difficulty in securing DERMASAN locally, write to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., World Building, George Street, Sydney. They will forward the treatment with full instructions immediately your remittance is received.



DP12-58



Accidents do happen, so be prepared with Elastoplast, the firm, flexible elastic plaster! It's specially handy for cuts and bruises that are hard to bandage. Flesh-coloured Elastoplast is inconspicuous and stays clean . . . Wound on a handy metal spool, it is 1" wide by 1 yd. long (stretching to 1 1/2 yds.).

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Elastoplast

E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER

First Aid Dressings, in RED tins, also available.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY T. J. SMITH & NEPHEW LTD., HULL

Here's your Health



Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits

Eat Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits every day. They compel you to chew slowly—and how delicious that wheat crunchiness is! Remember you will never be radiantly happy starving yourself, so enjoy life—be fit. Slow mastication soon becomes a habit and good digestion just naturally follows.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY.